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ORIGINAL
LETTERS AND ESSAYS 1080 R19
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ON
MORAL AND ENTERTAINING
SUBJECTS.

By the Rev. J. H. PRINCE, K

Author of The Christian's Duty to God and the Constitution.

*It is to be regretted that men more frequently
are to be reminded than informed.*

DR. JOHNSON,

L O N D O N,

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ORIGINAL

LETTERS AND ESSAYS

THE MORAL AND ENTERTAINING

ALL SUBJECTS

BY B. B. R. PRINCE



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P R E F A C E.

THE encouragement I have met with from a generous public in the quick sale of my last publication, has induced me to venture another.

The subjects I have now chosen to treat upon are of such a nature, as I trust, will be acceptable to people of all denominations on account of their not involving any political or religious controversy: they cannot indeed give umbrage to any, but may afford some degree of entertainment to the candid and unprejudiced reader, and (at least with respect to their length) I may say of them what a celebrated writer does of the spectators and tatlers, "The busy may find time and the idle patience to read them."

I do not pretend to any original thoughts in this composition, nor have I the vanity to suppose that any thing I have written can tend to the *information* of mankind, my only aim is to *remind* them of some duties which may have slipped their memories, to point out some grievances which exist in the present day to the great annoyance of society, and to afford inno-

cent and rational amusement to those who will condescend to travel an hour or two with me along this beaten track; at the same time I have endeavoured to intersperse sentiments of morality throughout this work, that I may enjoy the satisfaction, at least, of knowing it cannot do hurt, if it should not be productive of much good.

I cannot be accused of arrogance in attempting a publication of this sort, since there is no way of treating a subject which requires less abilities than this does; nor could I have employed my pen in a more humble way, according to the celebrated Dr. Johnson, whose words I shall adduce as an apology for the following work.

"He that questions his abilities to arrange the dissimilar parts of an extensive plan, or fears to be lost in a complicated system, may yet hope to adjust a few pages without perplexity, and if when he turns over the repositories of his memory he finds his collection too small for a volume he may yet have enough to furnish an essay,"
Rambler vol. i. page 6.

"As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic, and we may safely disentangle our
 minds

minds from critical embarrassments by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but its form; and that nothing is to be refused admission which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject," Rambler vol. iii. page 278.

This opinion of so great a *critic* is sufficient to justify an attempt of this kind.

It is very common for authors to express great apprehensions of, and to deprecate the *wrath of critics*, but I shall not follow this custom, as I frankly confess I am not so much afraid of their animadversions as I dread their neglect, than which as a great writer observes, nothing is more dreadful to an author, "*yet this worst, this meanest fate,*" says he, "*EVERY ONE who dares to write has reason to fear.*"

As to *criticism*, I believe I may make myself perfectly easy on that score, for I have not the vanity to suppose my work will be much read, because the literary world abounds with others of far greater import, and consequently will not have to experience much of the *ordeal of criticism*, for as the aforelaid author observes, "*That which is much read,*" and that only, "*will be much criticised.*"

I need

I need not inform the reader that the following pieces are chiefly my juvenile performances, written at first without any idea of ever being published, but as they have yielded me some pleasure in the perusal from time to time, I judged they might afford some entertainment to my friends, and therefore formed a resolution of publishing them, *I do not pretend to have done it at their urgent request*, which is the common excuse for writing, if they do but yield them some satisfaction, I care not much what others think of them, though I must acknowledge I had rather deserve the approbation of all mankind than their disapprobation, and would sooner have a censure in the *monthly* or any other respectable review, than a stigma affixed to my name, which may descend, if not to the latest posterity (for even reviews are not always long-lived) at least longer than I should wish: "The love of fame, as the ingenious author of the *Pedlar* observes, seems inherent with man, it is necessary to excite emulation, without which the world would stagnate," and although, "an immoderate thirst for praise, is a strong indication of a weak man, yet a total insensibility of it, is no proof of a wise one."

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LETTER I.

Being the introduction to, and outlines of, a work intended to be published by this author, on the first day of January next, entitled, "LETTERS OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN ON HIS INTENTION OF BECOMING AN AUTHOR."

There is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable. Spectator, Vol. VII. No. 512.

SIR,

AGREEABLE to your desire, I take up my pen to give you my thoughts on, and advice respecting, your intention of becoming an author—You have been pleased to express your confidence in my candour and friendship, that I would keep no hint from you that might tend to enlighten and benefit you; and on that account, desired me to speak my sentiments freely upon every topic that should occur in the course of this investigation. For this reason, I shall lay

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before you every obstacle as well as every encouragement that my knowledge and experience have furnished me with, to your putting your intention into execution; and, however incompetent I am to this task, seeing you have devolved it upon me, and I have in part promised to fulfil it, I shall do it to the best of my ability.

I know by experience, that when a man first forms an intention of becoming an author, innumerable difficulties present themselves to his mind; obstacles apparently insurmountable rise before him, and his timidity magnifies a molehill into a mountain, so that what he before looked upon as practicable and even easy, now appears impracticable, and he is ready to wonder at his past temerity in thinking to overcome what now appears to him insurmountable difficulties.

Some of these apparent discouragements I shall mention, and endeavour to obviate the difficulty that appears in them.

First, *A want of novelty* in our compositions is apt to discourage us highly, from the knowledge we have that mankind thirst after it; but herein we shall not be singular, as the major part of modern writers have the same defect, if a defect
it

it be. "To oblige the most fertile genius to say only what is new," (as a celebrated author observes) "would be to contract his volumes to a few pages;" and if we wait till we can give the public *a performance entirely novel*, we may wait long enough, and at last cannot reasonably expect to arrive at greatness, for *great things cannot have escaped former observation*. A man may write upon subjects, not new, yet treat them in such a manner as to claim the attention of the public who require, according to the great Dr. Johnson, more frequently to be reminded than informed; and though it be true, as the same writer observes, that "he who teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be revered as a master;" yet it is equally so, that "he who conveys knowledge by more pleasing ways than have before been discovered, may very properly be beloved as a benefactor; and he that supplies life with innocent amusement will be certainly carested as a pleasing companion." Now if we fail in the two former, yet if we succeed in the latter, and our works do but afford rational amusement, we shall be entitled at least to the esteem of candour and liberality; and this must appear obvious if besides the foregoing considerations we also consider, what the author

I last quoted elsewhere observes, that "the task of an author is either to teach what is not known, or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them, either to let new light upon the mind, and open new scenes to the prospect, or vary the dress and situation of common objects, so as to give them fresh grace and more powerful attractions; to spread such flowers over the regions through which the intellect has already made its progress as may tempt it to return, and take a second view of things hastily passed over, or negligently regarded." Rambler, vol. I. p. 13.

I do not wish to tire you with quotations, I shall therefore pass by many that if transcribed in this place might serve to illustrate my former observations, and as I shall have occasion in a future stage of this investigation to refer to several of them, I shall only for the present point out to you the following, which you may read at your leisure, and which I will be bold to say are necessary to be read by those who would wish to make any figure in the literary world, Johnson's Lives of the Poets, but particularly those of Cowley, Waller, Dryden, Butler, Addison, Pope, Savage, Thompson, Milton, Smith, Prior, and Sir J. Brown, Rambler, Vol. i. p. 11, 83, 130. vol. ii. p. 37, 133, 134, 231. vol. iii. p. 304.
Idler

Idler, vol. i. p. 202. vol. ii. p. 37, 184. Preface to Shakespeare, p. 1, 19, 20, 44. Notes upon Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 434. vol. vi. p. 55, 161. vol. x. p. 383. Spectator, vol. i. No. 10. vol. ii. No. 166. vol. 5. No. 355. vol. vi. No. 451.

Secondly, Another discouragement which we meet with, is the ignorance of the subject on which it is most eligible to write. When we pass by a bookseller's window, or inspect a library, we find books on every subject that has come within our knowledge; treatises upon treatises offer themselves to our view—our predecessors seem to have exhausted every subject, and every argument in support of each subject—every question in law, physic, and divinity, appears to have been amply discussed and investigated in an able and judicious manner: Historians, Travelers, Biographers, Poets, with a train of authors too tedious to mention, from the writer of an essay, which Dr. Johnson supposes the most easy performance, to the writer of an epic poem, which the same author affirms is the most difficult kind of composition, since it requires an assemblage of qualifications to perform that; one or more of which is sufficient to constitute an able writer on any other subject, have furnished the world with a fund of knowledge and entertain-

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ment;

ment ; and if our predecessors have left any thing undone to complete that fund, our contemporaries seem to have filled up the chasm that remained, so that at first view there seems (to use the words of a great writer) no materials for the poet to work upon, for "knowledge of the subject is to a poet, what materials are to the architect;" the former therefore is as necessary as the latter; yet notwithstanding this appearance, from a cursory view of the matter, I am persuaded we shall on a closer investigation discover that there is still room for genius to exert itself, paths yet unexplored in the literary world, laurels yet to be obtained, the field is still open for the exercise of those who are candidates for a place in *the Temple of Fame*, which is not yet full; which brings me to the question you proposed for my consideration and answer, *i. e.* "What subject is most adviseable to write upon?" and though some of the forementioned considerations involve that question in a considerable degree of difficulty, I shall endeavour to answer it by stating the various kinds of composition that prevail, or the major part of them, descant on each as they pass under our notice, state some rules to be observed in the performance of them, and point out to you, what is in
my

my opinion the most eligible to a young beginner to exercise his talents upon; and finally, give you my thoughts, what I conceive to be the most acceptable and useful performance in this state of the world and things; taking into our consideration the aggregate of useful performances with which our nation abounds; the manners of the age in which we live, and every other consideration which may regulate our determination; but as this will take up some time, I shall defer it for the present, and make it the subject of some subsequent letters, which you will in due time receive from me, Sir,

Your's, &c.

Little Gray's Inn Lane,
March 20, 1796.

J. H. PRINCE.

DETRAC-

DETRACTION and CALUMNY.

“Detraction is that killing, poisonous arrow drawn out of the devil’s quiver, which is always flying about, and doing execution in the dark, against which no *virtue* is a defence, no *innocence* a security; it is a weapon forged in hell, and formed by that prime artificer and engineer the devil; and none but that great God, who knows all things, and can do all things, can protect the best of men against it.”

Dr. South.

OF all the evils that are incident to human nature, there are none perhaps so hard to be borne as detraction and calumny; and it is certain that there is no robbery impoverishes a man so much as that of his name and reputation; and there is no robber so inexcusable, so little benefited, and so richly deserving of punishment, as he who either directly or indirectly traduces the character of any individual, family, church, nation, or any other part or parts of the aggregate of mankind; it is a crime pregnant with evil, being big with consequences as fatal as unforeseen—He that is robbed of his treasure knows his loss, and very often has it in his power to retrieve it; but

but he that has his good name, fame and reputation filched from him, experiences a loss which he cannot estimate; 'tis a loss which draws after it, very often, the loss of every thing which is dear or valuable to the calumniated, never to be fully retrieved again.

“ Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
 “ 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
 “ But he that filches from me my good name,
 “ Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 “ But makes me poor indeed.—

SHAKESPEARE.

Reputation is an invaluable blessing, both to those in the higher, middle and lower orders of society; but if it is more valuable to some than others, it is to those of the latter description, whose reputation or character, is their only fortune—the only source from which they draw their daily support; take that away, and they become the outcasts of society—destitute of employ—exposed to the scoffs and sneers of a frowning world—despairing of ever retrieving their character from the impracticability that seems to attend the attempt—they are drove to the wretched alternative of preying upon their fellow men for support; thus they run upon the thick bosses of God's buckler, as the scripture expresses it, and in the end, the punishment

ment which they did not deserve leads them to that punishment which is their just due. I speak now of those who lose their character, in the first instance, from the horrid aspersions of detraction and calumny; and against the poison of which the most innocent and fair character, as my motto expresses it, is not proof.

If we were to look at the greater part of the malefactors that were ever executed at Tyburn or elsewhere, and were to trace their misconduct back to its first source, we should, I am persuaded, discover it to have originated in the first instance from the loss of character, whether that loss was just or unjust.

It is an observation of one of the wisest men that ever graced society, that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" and the reason is obvious, for a good name will procure riches, but riches will not procure a good name, unless it be a temporary one from flatterers, which is not worth having. The value of a good name, which may be gathered from the wise man's observation, and the dreadful consequences that attend the loss of character, shew the inexcusableness and criminality of those, who for a trifling fault, or affront, will undermine, or at least with-

withhold the character of a servant:—If they commit a fault not capital in its nature, such as robbery, &c. is it not punishment enough to turn them away, and thus to subject them to the many and great temporary inconveniencies that attend being out of place—but must they be inflicted with the worst of all evils, *the loss of character*? is revenge to be carried so far as to pursue the wretched victim to the last extremity? What! withhold his character, deprive him of the only means of support, and thus leave him to perish in the wide world, because perhaps he uttered a rash expression in the moment of passion, which is as peculiar to the poor as the rich, and the former of whom cannot always command their temper any more than the latter. This is the severe treatment, which, to my knowledge, some domestics meet with from their rigid and censorious employers.

I knew a gentleman who discharged his clerk, who had lived with him near four years, at a minute's warning, only because he spoke one word that offended him—He happened to be late at the office that morning, his master met him, and with no great deal of politeness accosted him in the street with a, "What do

you mean by coming this time a-day to an office?" accompanied with menacing expressions, which he repeated in the vulgar tongue so loud as to cause the admiration and astonishment of the spectators, as well as to draw to their doors some people to know what was the matter; the clerk, thinking himself rather ill-treated in being thus accosted in the street, when, if he had committed any fault, he apprehended he was entitled to the privilege of being reprimanded in private; determined to expostulate with his employer on the impropriety of harranging him in the streets, which he did in the evening, by stating, that if he had committed an error he should expect to be reprimanded at home; and that he thought it was not gentleman-like to call him to account in the street; at the last expression, the master took fire—turn'd him out of the office—bolted the door for fear he should return for the purpose of an explanation, which he never afterwards would admit of, though he went to him repeatedly for that purpose, as also to ask him pardon if he had offended him; but this gentleman with all the placidness imaginable, refused to admit of any concessions, and declared he would never give him a character, but as far as in his power hinder him from employment,

ment, notwithstanding he had no other fault to find with him, and often admitted his abilities; which resolution he always kept; and had not this young man met with a gentleman, who was possessed of more than usual candour and confidence, and who took him, though a stranger, without referring for his character, merely upon the assertion of a gentleman that he knew of his having lived near four years in his last place and left it for no capital fault, otherwise than a quarrel, he might have experienced all the inconveniencies aforesaid.

It must be admitted here, that there was no proportion between the crime committed and the punishment inflicted by this sanguinary master; yet if it had been the crime of robbery, he could not have been more severe. I need not further urge the impropriety of this conduct, it must appear so obvious to a candid and benevolent mind as to render demonstration needless; let a different tract be pursued, or in the words of a great poet,

“ Let rules be fix’d that may our rage contain,
 “ And punish faults with a proportion’d pain;
 “ And do not slay him, who deserves alone
 “ A whipping for the fault that he hath done.”

CREECH.

Seneca places servants in a lower rank of *friends*, and imputes the vile and shameful treatment which they too frequently meet with, to the pride and ignorance of those who have the power in their hands; but whether they should be considered in so high a light as the philosopher places them or not, this much is certain, that they are entitled to different and better treatment than they generally meet with; and I am persuaded it would be to the benefit of the employer to take the following advice, "thou who art a master, be just to thy servant, if thou expectest from him fidelity, and reasonable in thy commands, if thou expectest a ready obedience; the spirit of a man is in him; severity and rigour may create fear, but can never command his love. Mix kindness with reproof, and reason with authority; so shall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his duty shall become his pleasure. He shall serve thee faithfully from the motive of gratitude, he shall obey thee cheerfully from the principle of love; and fail not thou in return to give his diligence and fidelity their proper reward." *Œconomy of Human Life, part 5 Sect 3.*

God

God has wisely ordained that we should be dependant on each other for happiness, in order to unite society with the bond of common interest—He hath so disposed and ordered things that the rich cannot do without the poor, the merchant without the mechanic, &c. for as Pope observes,

- “ Heaven forming each on other to depend,
- “ A master, or a servant, or a friend,
- “ Bids each on other for assistance call,
- “ ’Till one man’s weakness grows the strength of all;
- “ Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally,
- “ The common int’rest, or endear the tie;
- “ To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
- “ Each home-felt joy that life inherits here.”

And the man who aims at independency in the world, I mean of its frowns and smiles, acts more like a stoic than a christian; religion indeed teaches us an independence of the world, but it is an independence perfectly consonant with the most serious endeavours to avoid giving offence, and by our good conduct to obtain the value and esteem of our fellow mortals.

Reputation may be compared to a clean sheet of paper; nothing is more easily soiled, the least stain on it is discoverable, the least stain or even the appearance of one, as far as it goes, is detrimental. The following fact which came within
my

my notice a short time back is illustrative of this observation :

A young woman who had lived for a considerable time in several reputable families, and had an unexceptionable character, being out of place was informed of and advised to go after one that was vacant at a reputable house in the public line—The place vacant was that of nursery-maid, and she was to have nothing to do but in the nursery and with the children, as they kept several servants beside; she at first hesitated under an idea, that should she not be able to stay in it, her character would be thrown away, and she might find it a difficult matter to get into a private house again, owing to the common prejudice which is entertained against servants who have lived in a public line ; however, as she had been out of place some time, and was not able to support herself much longer in case she did not get into one, she listened to the solicitations of her friends, the call of providence and the urgency of the moment, and went to it. She liked the place, and would have continued in it, but for a disagreeable fellow-servant, who was an old domestic in the house, and with whom she found it impossible to live ; she therefore left the place on her account, with as fair a character—

character as she went to it ; but on her application to vacant places, she found her former fears had been too well grounded, for when asked for a reference for her character, and she referred them to the last mentioned place, she always met with a repulse, and sometimes with a sharp and cruel one, viz: "I wonder at the impudence of any servant coming after this place (whose only crime was) that lived last at a public house !" — This young woman now remains out of place, and despairs of getting into any creditable private family, as all that she has applied to, object in manner before mentioned. This is a distressing though not a new case, and is an example of the delicacy of a person's character, and shews with what tenderness it ought to be treated, since this trifling occurrence is attended with such inconvenience; yet at the same time we may observe, what a pity it is that people cannot, or rather will not, overcome their little and mean prejudices, which are only established by custom, and learn to discover worth through the maze of any apparent disguise.

I observed at the beginning of this essay, that nothing is so hard to be borne as detraction and calumny ; and I may venture to appeal to the experience of those who have been under its

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baneful influence for the truth of that observation, though it may not be amiss to enquire a little into the cause of our discovering so much uneasiness 'under this particular calamity above any other. I have mentioned several, and shall not therefore point out any more inferior causes, but mention the original source or cause of such uneasiness, which certainly is *the desire of fame*, which universally pervades the breast of every individual, though we are unwilling to acknowledge it; this is certainly the secret source of our uneasiness when we are defamed, and in proportion as we place our happiness in fame, will our unhappiness be if we miss of it and meet with its contrary. There is not therefore a more effectual way to escape the uneasiness attendant on detraction, (which the Spectator observes is the cause of most of the vexations of life, and of which every one is more or less himself guilty) than to curtail this inordinate desire of fame; for if once we can arrive at an indifference in this particular, we shall disarm detraction of its chief power to create uneasiness; besides, if we consider that detraction is founded on *falsehood*, "which," as Thales the chief of the Grecian sages observes, "is just as far distant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes," we shall not be so much concerned at it.

The

The last consideration is made use of by Epictetus, to persuade us to bear detraction patiently, or rather to take no notice of it. "Does a man reproach thee," says he, "for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true; if they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being; and, as the Spectator further observes, "Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it, or subject himself to the penalty when he knows he has never committed the crime?"

The different species of calumny are as various as the motives which urge to this diabolical conduct, and are each destructive in their several proportions, and the calumniator is ever busy to find out a something wherewith to traduce the character of his neighbour, if the fairness of the man's character, whom he has marked out for his victim, be such as to render very foul calumny liable to be detected, he will begin with some trifling report, till he by degrees accomplishes his diabolical purpose; but I cannot better express myself upon

this topic, than in the words of the celebrated Dr Johnson, "As there are to be found in the service of envy, men of every diversity of temper and degree of understanding, calumny is diffused by all arts and methods of propagation. Nothing is too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling to be practised; very little regard is had to the rules of honorable hostility; but every weapon is accounted lawful, and those who cannot make a thrust at life, are content to keep themselves in play with petty malevolence, to teize with feeble blows and impotent disturbance. Those who cannot strike with force, can however poison their weapon, and weak as they are, give mortal wounds, and bring an hero to the grave." So true is that observation, *that many are able to do hurt, but few to do good.*

The circumstances which gave rise to the following Letter, in some measure prove these assertions, and is thought necessary to be laid before the reader for the better understanding of it.

The author in the autumn of 1791, having determined to take a fortnight's excursion into the country, with which he has always been very much enamoured, he hired a horse for that time, and set out:—He first went to a place called Wheeley in Essex, 10 miles from Colchester, where

where his uncle resided, with whom he stayed a few days; after which, he set out to go from thence to a place called Arston, a small village, not many miles from Cambridge, where his Rev. friend resides, to whom the following letter is addressed, to see a young lady who was on a visit at that place, and with whom the author was intimately acquainted; and in fact, wanted to be more so by becoming her lover; and it was to effect this, as well as to see the country, that he took this journey of near 200 miles, and would have thought himself well paid for his trouble, if he could have accomplished this, his desirable purpose; but the god of love was not propitious to his designs, "for," as the archbishop of Cambray observes, "tyrannic Cupid being always busy to give pain under the appearance of pleasure, it seldom happens that by those whom we love, we are beloved again." Proctor's Adventures of Telemachus, Vol. I. book VII. page 157. An observation confirmed by the experience of most people, who at some period of their lives, have been unfortunate enough to form attachments to those from whom they have not met with a suitable return; but more of this hereafter, when I come to treat on the subject of love.

Not knowing whose house this young lady was at, I called on my Rev. friend to enquire, who informed me that she was at some distance, and insisted on my staying there that night, and, as he could not accommodate me with a bed in his own house, he would get me a comfortable lodging; I accepted his kind invitation, being rather fatigued with my journey, as I had not only rode a great number of miles that day, but had also met with an accident, which contributed not a little to my fatigue.

My Rev. friend entertained me with that hospitality, which I thought bespoke the benevolence of his heart, and insured my gratitude. I rejoiced in it, and thought myself happy in being with one who was an intimate friend of the beloved of my heart, and who I thought from his kind behaviour to me, would have assisted rather than hindered me from gaining the affections of this young lady; but it was quite the reverse—little did I suppose it, but I was in fact with those who watched with a censorious eye, my conduct, marked the least imperfection, and applied their observations to the lessening the esteem of this young lady for me, and to the poisoning the minds of her friends against me—I never could fathom this man's conduct—his behaviour

haviour in this business was strange to the extreme—he welcomed me to his house—entertained me in an hospitable manner there—never found a single fault with, nor took one exception to my conduct during my stay ; seemed to sanction my speaking to, and even gave me leave to take this young woman out for a ride, though he denied it afterwards ; and when I came away shook hands cordially and parted friendly ; but immediately I was gone, wrote to her friends complaining of my conduct, and the first evening I visited her mother after I got to town, instead of the usual warm reception I had been accustomed to meet with, I was struck dumb, with a note requesting me to decline my visits there, &c. my feelings were such on this occasion as would beggar description.

It was sometime before I found out the cause of this sudden alteration, 'till at last I discovered it was through the intervention of my said Rev. friend, and I was informed by the young lady's mother, that Mr. C. had written a letter of complaint concerning me, which I could not get a sight of, but afterwards collected from her brother the amount of it. I was more astonished than ever at this news, as I never should have supposed but that being at a minister's house, if

I had done wrong, he as a minister of the gospel, would have told me of it, and besides the friendly parting we had, rendered his conduct more surprising; in a word, I could not help looking upon him as the greatest enemy I had; I could have pardoned him easier, if he had robbed me of all my property so that he had but left me the thoughts and hopes of enjoying this amiable object; but now I was cut off from all hopes, and I was determined to let him know at least how highly I conceived myself to be injured by his illiberal reflections on my conduct; such is the passion of love, an accident of this nature fills the soul with confusion, and such were my feelings when I sat down to write the following letter:

London, Sept. 1791.

To the Rev. Mr. C——.

“ There are many who are naturally addicted to *defamation* and envious of any good to any man, who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind, for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally.”

CICERO.

DEAR SIR,

I Am sorry to be under the necessity of taking up my pen, to trouble you with a few lines in order

order to clear my character, and vindicate my conduct; but as I find by Mr. H. that there have been several aspersions thrown on the former, and complaints made respecting the latter, during the short stay I made at your house and at Barrington, by the people of your charge; and as silence in such a case on my part, after it is known that I have heard of those charges and aspersions, would have too much the appearance of, and be taken as a sign of guilt, which I by no means admit, I find it my indispensable duty to reply to the same, and answer the charges, or rather the charge! for there are no particular charges that I have heard of, but only a general one, viz: "That they thought my conduct was too light and not *altogether* becoming a christian." Now I should like to know whether they can find any one among themselves or any other society, whose conduct is *altogether* becoming a christian in every sense of the word, and whom they cannot if they were so disposed, impeach in some respect or other—for my part, I never heard of that man yet who was so perfect as to speak and act in *every* respect as became a christian, and whose conduct if it was to be viewed with a censorious eye, would not be found in some measure impeachable? I cannot persuade myself

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that even the apostle Paul thought himself blameless, for he had very different ideas of himself, to what most christians have in our day ; for those who have so much of the grace of God as to enable them to live pretty close to him, are in general too apt to despise their weaker brethren—those who are but babes in grace, and, if I may be allowed the expression, can hardly walk ; they do not consider it was thus with them once, and for want of that consideration, they are too apt to forget the precaution of our Lord's, " Not to judge according to appearance, but to judge righteous judgment," and are ready to say to every poor soul that they find walking lame in God's ways, " Stand by, for I am holier than thou ;" not considering who it is that makes them to differ from others, and that they have nothing but what they received from God ; nor weighing in their mind that question proposed by St. Paul to those in his days who had high opinions of themselves—" Who maketh thee to differ *from another* ? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive ? now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it ?" 1 Cor. iv. 7.

But, I say, St. Paul did not think thus, but had far different views of himself, for though
he

he was as holy as most christians in our day, yet he reckoned himself "less than the least of all saints."—He accounted his righteousness as filthy rags, acknowledging with humility his incapability of doing the good which he desired, through that contrary nature which was within him: and when inculcating the necessity of attaining to perfection, and enforcing arguments to persuade them to press after it, agreeable to our Lord's advice; "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;"—he seems to pause, as though he heard them starting an objection and saying, "What are you a perfect man? and observes immediately, "not as though I had already attained; either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus," *Phil. iii. 12.* But not to mention so high an example as St. Paul, if we confine ourselves to the *heathen* world, we shall find, that so far from expecting an assemblage of all manner of virtues, or good qualifications in an individual, to make that individual a *perfect character*, if they found but one virtue or quality in an eminent degree, they considered the *hero* possessing it, as endowed with perfection, and immortalized his name; nay, even their gods

were not supposed to possess more than one eminent virtue or endowment ; for “ among them,” as a great writer observes, “ any *one* quality or endowment in an heroic degree, made a god : *Hercules* had strength, but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit ; *Apollo* presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength—we hear no exceptions against the beauty of *Minerva*, or the wisdom of *Venus*. These wise heathens were glad to immortalize any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person who had it ; but with us it is far otherwise, for *we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakness.*”

But in what particular was my conduct unbecoming a christian ? why, I find that what makes up the rest of the general charge is, “ That my conduct was too light ”—I acknowledge the charge, it was and is too light a great deal ; and where is the man or woman that is not too light in their behaviour in many circumstances of their life ? but what if you was to see the whole of their walk for a week or a fortnight together, you will find them in many cases act too light ; for those who are on the brink of eternity, and who have nothing between them and

a never ending eternity, but the narrow sea of death, and who, if the brittle thread of life should be cut, must immediately go into a state of happiness or misery ; when we seriously consider that

“ Infinite joy or lasting woe,
“ Attend on every breath;”

We may well observe in the language of holy writ, “ What manner of men ought we to be, in all manner of holy conversation and godliness ;” and be ready to think the most serious christian we know of is scarcely so serious as such awful truths require ; and we shall be astonished at *our own* and others negligence in such weighty matters, and acknowledge with the forementioned poet, that notwithstanding these considerations—

“ Yet how unconcern’d we go,
“ Upon the brink of death.”

Observe, *we*, myself as well as others, not how unconcerned such a one goes ; but considering the aptitude in human nature to swerve from the right way, to neglect those things that make for our eternal peace, and to pursue that which will ultimately tend to the utter degradation and ruin of body and soul, and feeling in myself the same principle

principle—the language of the poet being appropriate, I use it with humility, and acknowledge my own, while I lament the faults of others.

I do not therefore wish to extenuate the crime of lightness of spirit in myself or others, for I allow it to be a very hurtful thing and what hinders our growth in grace; and I allow that its being a common fault among professors makes it no less inexcusable; but my aim is to shew that those very characters who were able in so little time to discover so many faults in me, had been guilty many times, if not just at that time, of the same, or perhaps much worse; for 'tis not only my opinion, but the opinion of a *great and good man*, whose memory I know you hold in high estimation, I mean that pious annotator on the new testament, *Mr. Burkit*, “that those who are most censorious of the lesser infirmities of others, are usually most notoriously guilty of far greater failings themselves; and to such I would say, what *St. Paul* did to those *Romans* who condemned that in others, which they allowed in themselves: “Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whoever thou art that judgest, for wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself, for thou that judgest doest the same things,” *Romans* ii. 1.

If

If I were to say that this readiness to censure the faults of others, which your people have manifested on this occasion, favors too much of, and borders too close on hypocrisy, I should be justified in that assertion by the opinion of a celebrated author, the late Henry Fielding, esq. who speaking of hypocrisy; and enumerating the various symptoms of a person's being infected with that spiritual Gangrene, observes "that one symptom of hypocrisy is a readiness to censure the faults of others." *Essay on the characters of Men, Fielding's Works, 8vo. vol. viii. page 180.*

I should not have said so much upon this head, were it not that I meant to infer from hence, that the reason your people found so many defects in my conduct during my short stay with them, I fear was for want of looking to themselves; for I am persuaded, had they placed those defects which they think they saw in me upon themselves, and considered themselves in my place and age, which by the bye, is the only proper and scriptural mode of judging other men's actions, they would not have supposed them of so black a nature as they have; but they have viewed my conduct, not with a christian's charitable eye, and judged from that view
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in a candid and impartial manner ; but with a critical and censorious eye they have viewed my walk, and judged me from that view, in a very uncandid and partial manner, and condemned me absent and unheard ; which treatment is very unbecoming those who call themselves christians, very contrary to that charity or love which is the ruling principle in every real christian, and which the scriptures declare, "cover a multitude of sins;" and without which every christian, or rather every professor of christianity, is but "as a sounding brass or tinkling cymbal."

But suppose I enquire into my conduct during those two days I staid at Arston, for I think I can recollect the chief occurrences of them, and examine what ground or cause there has been for all those complaints of my behaviour which have been exhibited against me, as if I had been guilty of some outrage ; for if I had I could not have lost more, or at least more in value, than the friendship of my friend, which I have already.

First then, I arrived at your house on the Friday, about half past three o'Clock, with no intention of stopping there, but merely to enquire
where

where Miss H—— was:—However, you was kind enough to insist on my staying, which I at last complied with; and I well remember that I determined within myself, that I would be as circumspect as I could, for two reasons—first, as I was in your company, I expected I should be took to task by you if I was not so; and secondly, as I was at your house I expected the people would expect me to be serious;—I drank tea with your wife, she had another with her, and one more afterwards came in—I said but little during tea, as I conceived it best to be slow to speak; I answered questions I was asked, but did not advance any subject, lest I should be thought too forward;—this is the mode of conduct I pursued during the whole of the time I was with you, and I believe you cannot charge me with talking too much in any of the company I was in during the time you was present, for I took particular care of that, as I was sensible I was too much addicted to lightness of spirit, and too apt to shew it in my conversation; I resolved with David, to keep silent that I might not offend with my tongue; being also convinced of the truth of Tully's observation, “That we should be as careful of our words, as our actions; and as far from speaking, as from doing ill.”

G

Well,

Well then, if my conversation was becoming, were my actions too? let me examine a little into them;

I went with you to meeting, on Friday Evening, which that I might, was the chief reason of my taking your advice in not going to Barrington that Evening; and I don't know that any one can charge me with misbehaviour there—I supped with you on the same Evening; after which you went with me to my lodging and left me there, when I went to bed immediately. On Saturday Morning, I finished writing a letter to my mother, you went with me to carry it to the coach—I came back and breakfasted with you, after which I set off for Barrington. Now I come to the time whence I find the charge mostly lies against me, viz. “That I rode about too much that day, notwithstanding that was the very purpose for which I came into the country, otherwise I might as well have staid at home; and if those good friends will please to consider my station in life, and how that station confines me all day when I am in town, writing at a desk from 9 in the morning till 8 at night, they must allow my riding about the country, so much as I did, was very excusable;—now had I been a person that lived always in the country, and

and it had been no rarity to me, they might have justly thought it shewed a vain insatiable thirst for pleasure; but as the case was quite the contrary, I think they have not the least grounds to support a charge against me for so doing, nor have they any reason to look upon it as a mark of my not being that which my friends represented, and they expected me to be.—

But to return to my journal, I went on Saturday morning to see Miss. H — at Barrington, and I do not know that my behaviour there was any ways unbecoming; the chief of our conversation was about friends in London, my journey, &c. 'tis true I did not bring up any religious discourse while I stayed, for the reason before mentioned, which perhaps they expected; besides my stay was so short, not above half an hour, that there was scarce time to have done it had I been so minded—thus, I cannot think I gave any offence there at that time, or when I came back with the cart, for Mrs. P — seemed so satisfied with my conduct in what I did, that she praised me to a person for being so punctual in returning with the cart as I had promised; and she very kindly wished me a good journey on Sunday afternoon, after meeting, which was the last time I saw her, so that I cannot think

she is one that complains of me; I have been more particular in mentioning Mrs P——, because she saw the most of my behaviour with respect to conversation, as I was longer in her company than in any other except Mr. A—— who drank tea with you on Friday, and I am sure, for I can speak positively as to that, that I said nothing, nor acted unbecoming a christian in his company, unless silence is deemed a crime, which it certainly is in some cases; but it was not in that, for I am very well pleased that I said no more, since I was surrounded with such criticising people.

But I would proceed to shew that I rode about no more than was just necessary to effect the business I undertook. Having obtained Miss H——'s consent to take a ride, my next business was to procure a vehicle, and as I could get none but quarter carts at Arston, which I could not drive, I was necessitated to go to Cambridge and hire one, whereupon I rode to Cambridge, brought my horse in the cart to Barrington, took up Miss H—— brought her to your house, went with the cart back to Cambridge, and rode my horse back; all which I effected in very good time, as I was at my lodging by a quarter before ten, and all which I could do without being

being any the less a christian for it, in my opinion, whatever other peoples opinion may be to the contrary.

Having gone through Saturday, let me see how I acted on Sunday, for I do not know on what day in particular I am charged with acting amiss, I must therefore go through them all:—I rose on Sunday in the morning between seven and eight o'Clock, my usual time of rising in town, breakfasted at my lodgings, and afterwards went to your house where I stayed till meeting time, and then went there—returned to your house as soon as it was done—dined with you—staid till meeting time, and then went there again with you—When meeting was over, returned to your house, drank tea with you and some others, stayed till evening service and went to it; after that was over, I returned to your house—supped with you, and afterwards took my leave, as I intended to leave Arston early in the morning, which I did; thus I cannot see that I can be charged with misconduct on that day any more than the others—if there was any, you must have discovered it, as I was in your presence all day, and if you had discovered any, I should hope you, as *a minister of the gospel*, whose prerogative it is to reprove sinners, would have reproved me at the time:

time: I therefore infer that the charge could not originate with you, but rather with some one of your congregation—it cannot be said, with truth, that I gadded about, as they are pleased to term it, on Sunday, for I am sure I was not more than 200 yards from your house all day, as I only went to and from your house and the meeting. It cannot be said, with the same regard to truth, that I did not attend the meeting, for I was there every time of service except the morning seven o’Clock, when I was in bed—I did not so much as exercise my horse, nor cause it to be exercised on that day, though I had sufficient excuse to have done it, in order to keep him from being stiff the next morning when I set off, and which proved to be the case from want of such exercise; but I did not do it, lest I should give offence to your congregation, whose tender consciencies I foresaw might be wounded should I attempt to commit such an unpardonable offence; and the sequel has too fully shewn my opinion of them to have been properly founded, since they have boggled at a part of my conduct, equally as innocent as the exercising an horse on the Sabbath day, the latter of which is both a work of mercy and a work of necessity; and as such, I need not inform you, sir, who are so well acquainted

acquainted with your bible, by no means repugnant to nor excluded by *the religion of Jesus*.

Thus, upon a review of my conduct, I cannot see that I deserved such a character as has been given me; but as it is thought my riding about so much on the Saturday was a crime, and evidential of lightness, very unbecoming a christian, I shall give some other reasons why I think it was not so, and which if they impartially consider, will, I apprehend, convince them to the contrary, and remove that prejudice which they have unjustly entertained against me.

I have already stated that one reason why I rode about so much on Saturday, was my being so much confined when in town, which is in my opinion a sufficient excuse for my being so anxious, when I got into the country, to enjoy as much recreation as I could during the short period I had to remain in it.

I would also urge, as an argument in support of the same, that the chief reason why I hired a horse for ten days, instead of going by the coach was, besides the great advantage obtained by the former, more than the latter mode of travelling, in respect to a view of the country through which one travels, the convenience of
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going cross countries, where a stage cannot be procured, and of taking short excursions to see parts adjacent to any place where one is ; and if it had not been on these accounts, it cannot be supposed I should have been so void of reason, as to hire a horse for ten days to go a journey of four; now if those good friends knew, which I suppose they did, that all the time I was there I was paying four shillings per day for horse-hire, besides the expence of keep—could they imagine me so deranged as to be content to pay all this money for a horse to lay by in a stable without using! No, if I had not meant to ride about during my stay at Arston and elsewhere, believe me, sir, I should not have hired a horse, as the stage would have answered all other purposes, equally as well.

I think I have given sufficient reasons for my conduct to clear me from the charges brought against me, at least as far as I have heard, for I have not seen your letter as I have before stated, though I much desired it; but when I went to Mrs. H——'s on Wednesday evening as usual, how was I surprized when instead of meeting with that cordial reception which I had been accustomed to, she received me with a ceremony evidential of displeasure, and delivered me a
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note, inclosing a small demand I had on her, couched in the following words:

“Mr. PRINCE, I thank you for the favor;—
 “and as I do not intend to speak to you before
 “the young people, I desire you to decline your
 “visits here for the future.—I beg you will be-
 “lieve me to be in earnest, for your walk is not
 “pleasing to me.

“I am your well wisher in Christ.

“Farewell, E. H.”

As she had company, I was precluded the satisfaction of demanding an explanation of her strange behaviour, and as strange note; and did not get that explanation till I saw her again; when she informed me, that you had written a letter to her, complaining of my conduct while at Arston, which had given umbrage to you and the people of your charge, and was evidenced in a certain lightness of behaviour, conspicuous among other things, by my riding about too much, which astonished me beyond degree, as I told her that I parted from you all in a friendly way, and never heard any complaint; and I conceived, if I had acted amiss, you, as a minister

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of

of the gospel, would have told me of it; however, she would hardly hear me, and was very angry, as well she might be, after she had heard such an account, what must she think but that I had been the cause of her losing her friends?—I therefore do not blame her, but I blame those good friends, if they can have any pretension to that title, who contrary to all the rules of christianity, could accuse an innocent person of offending them, who never meant to, nor did, give any just cause of offence; but if I even had so done, ought they not to have reproved me to my face, and not have put on the disguise of friendship at parting, and then send, or cause to be sent a letter, to my friends in town, exhibiting charges, calculated to prejudice their minds against me.

I do assure you, sir, that I look upon myself as extremely injured by those people at Arston, whoever they are, that have been the cause of those complaints, for they have been the means of my losing the friendship of those whom I value—they have hurt me in my character as a christian—they have hurt my mind by casting such severe reflections themselves, and being the means of others casting the same upon me; in a word, they have done me that injury which it
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can never be in their power fully to repair; but I trust I can say, I heartily forgive them, and can pray Jehovah to forgive and bless them too, for I know it is all permitted by him, for some wise purpose, and shall work together for my good, in spite of men and devils.

“ If slander lifts her forked tongue,
 “ Or envy joins to do me wrong;
 “ Thine eye shall see, thine ear shall hear,
 “ Thy hand shall grasp the glitt’ring spear;
 “ Thy breath shall chase them as when whirlwinds rise,
 “ The moths disperse, the scatter’d stubble flies,
 “ But I shall sing,
 “ Salvation to my God and King;
 “ While life endures, and then above
 “ I’ll tune a nobler song to praise the God of love.”

You will pardon me detaining you so long, and troubling you with this; but as I was unacquainted with the parties themselves, I was under the necessity of sending you this long detail, which I beg you will have the goodness to communicate to them the first opportunity, in order to vindicate my character.

I beg, fir, you will not construe any part of this long epistle, as evidential of disrespect to yourself, for I have every reason to applaud your and Mrs. C——’s behaviour to me while at your house; and I heartily thank you for, and

assure you, that I retain a grateful sense of the same.

I should be happy to have a line from you on the business, and if you do not chuse to communicate the subject of these sheets to your people, be so good as to transmit me their names; in which case, I will write them myself, as I would wish to remove from their minds any prejudice they may have entertained against me, or Mrs. H——'s people on my account; and in doing your endeavours to assist me therein, you will very much oblige, your's,

With the greatest respect,

JOHN HENRY PRINCE.

TRAVEL.

TRAVELLING.

“ We ride and sail in quest of Happiness.”

CREECH.

IT hath been remarked by the strictest observers of human nature, that mankind are fondest of that which affords the greatest novelty; an ardent desire for which, is interwoven in the human frame: for this reason, let a thing be ever so excellent in itself, though we are for the present charmed excessively with the exquisite pleasure it produces, it soon loses its power of pleasing, unless there is a quick succession of novelty, which alone is capable of giving it a permanent place in our esteem. It is indeed true, that there is a method of husbanding our enjoyments; by an exact attention to which, we may derive from them, not only a greater degree of pleasure while they last, but extend their power of pleasing to a greater length of time than circumstances might seem to promise for this existence—in order to which, we must act in the same manner as we would do if we wished to perpetuate our finances; that is, not
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be too lavish, as a too frequent repetition of the same pleasure strips it of its novelty, and by doing that, takes away its power of pleasing. Mr. Pomfret has very finely touched upon this in his Poem, called *The Choice* ; where speaking of the surfeit we derive from too frequent an access to the same kind of enjoyments, he expresses himself thus :

“ For highest cordials all their virtue lose,

“ By a too frequent and too bold a use.”

This shews us the necessity of moderation, as it is not only dictated by reason, and enforced by revelation, but as it is absolutely essential to mix with all our enjoyments, in order to make them exquisite in flavour, and permanent in duration : of those who are wise enough to adopt this rule, it may truly be said, “ Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure ; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed ; their blood is pure, their minds are serene, and the physician knoweth not the way to their habitations.”

What Fielding says respecting the generality of prologues to plays, “ which at first were part of the piece itself, but of later years hath had usually so little connexion with the drama before
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which it stands, that the prologue to one play might as well serve for any other:" and of the initial chapter to the books of his own *Tom Jones*, "most of which," says he, "like modern prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other book in this history, as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other history, as to this;" may be said of the observations that introduce this essay, which would do as well to introduce an essay on any other subject, and perhaps be better calculated to introduce one on novelty or moderation than what it is intended for, viz: "an essay on travelling;" but notwithstanding this is strictly true, I trust I shall be able to make it appear to the reader, if he will exercise that noble virtue for which *Job* was so eminently distinguished, and to the critic, if he will condescend to lay by his prejudice, and for once act contrary to his beloved maxim of "determining rather what to condemn than what to approve," which has been the unalienable right of their function from time immemorial, that the preceeding observations are not altogether foreign to the subject I am aiming at; or at least if they are, that I shall be able through my ingenuity, of which, reader, I have a large share, to convert them to my own use, and make them

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answer my purpose in some way or other; and don't forget, reader, if thou art of that sacred order I have before mentioned, who have an unalienable right to sit in judgment on the works of authors; and what is a greater privilege, to determine their merit from the worst passage that can be found in their works, to take cognizance of this breach of the laws of composition; for you will not, it is my firm opinion, meet with any passage throughout this book that will afford a better opportunity of exercising thy talent for criticism, than is here offered; and therefore if you pass this by, you may not be able to vent your spleen on this performance in any other than general terms, which a certain set of your fraternity are obliged to content themselves with; I mean those who have not that single qualification required by Sir Alexander Dracansir, Knight, censor of Great Britain, in the last king's reign, to constitute an able critic, namely, "to be able to read," that is to say, by bestowing very liberally; or as I should have said, (don't forget this slip also)—very illiberally, the epithets of "poor stuff!—wretched stuff!—bad stuff!—sad stuff!—low stuff!—paultry stuff!"—and who, as the aforesaid worthy censor observes, if required to give some reason for their judgment, are only able to
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drivel out, "I don't know, not I;" but all that I know is, I don't like it."

But I must not forget the task that I have imposed on my ingenuity, namely, to reconcile those scattered reflections, with my principal design of offering some thoughts on the subject of travelling; from which subject I have hitherto apparently so widely deviated:—Now reader, not to keep thee in suspense any longer, you know that at the beginning of this essay, I was shewing the general love of novelty that prevails; the necessity of that qualification in any thing before it can afford us the happiness we seek for in their gratification, and that in proportion as they retained their novelty, they would more or less insure a continuance of our esteem; all which is but preliminary to this plain observation,—*That travelling will afford us the greatest degree of novelty of any thing whatever; and as such, I apprehend, is best calculated to be a continual feast*, at least to those who have any kind of inclination towards it, for there certainly are exceptions, as to some individuals who have a particular aversion thereto.

The multiplicity of objects that continually present themselves to our view on a journey, the variegated prospect of hills, vallies, rivers, groves,
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fields, meadows, and all the various views in which we may see the face of the earth, joined to the pleasing views of the customs and manners of mankind, which are as variegated as the face of nature, and as obvious to an attentive traveller, cannot fail of producing the most delightful sensations, especially to a mind which has a cast for meditation. The following picture drawn by an able pen, tht of the late Henry Fielding, Esq. may be produced as an instance of the satisfaction to be derived from the view of a picturesque scene. — That great genius describing a morning view of a charming spot in Somersetshire, observes in his usual animating stile, "This house was situated on the top of a hill, and for two miles below it, meadows, enlivened with variety of cattle, and adorned with a greater variety of flowers, first caught my sight;—at the bottom of this vale, ran a river, which seemed to promise coolness and refreshment to the thirsty cattle—The eye was next presented with fields of corn, that made a kind of an ascent which was terminated by a wood; at the top of which appeared a verdant hill, situate as it were in the clouds, where the sun was just arrived, and peeping o'er the summit, which was at this time covered with dew,

dew, gilded it over with his rays, and terminated my view in the most agreeable manner in the world. In a word, the elegant simplicity of every object round me, filled my heart with such gratitude, and furnished my mind with such pleasing meditations, as made me thank heaven I was born." "Can any thing be more delightful than this description?—Can any thing tend more than such a view to make us satisfied with our existence?—indeed what is said of Shakespeare's description of the Cliffs at Dover, "that one cannot read without one's head turning round," may be said of this description, one can scarce read it without having our imagination fired, and a secret desire inspired to behold with our eyes so agreeable a spot.

If novelty is absolutely necessary to make a thing so agreeable to us, here we have it in perfection, and there is no end of the novelty to be met with in travelling—every village, town and city, as well as every nation, hath something peculiar to itself; its particular dialect, productions, amusements, manners—for these reasons, and some others that follow, I am convinced that travelling is the most congenial to human nature of any thing whatever, and the best calculated to satisfy without cloying that appe-

tite for pleasure which we are all possessed of, and are so desirous to gratify.

It is certain however, that all seasons and species of travelling do not afford the same proportion of delight, "groves, fields and meadows, are (indeed) at any season of the year, pleasant to look upon, but never so much as in the opening of the spring, when they are all new and fresh, with their first gloss upon them, and not yet too much accustomed and familiar to the eye; for this reason, there is nothing that more enlivens a prospect than rivers, jetteaus, or falls of water; where the scene is perpetually shifting and entertaining the sight every moment, with something that is new:" thus some prospects give us more delight than others; but there is always a sufficient redundancy of matter to engage the attention, captivate the heart, and keep it in tune.

But exclusive of the delight and entertainment we derive from travelling, and which I am ready to think we cannot but derive, there are many and great advantages to be gathered therefrom—the first, is attainable by every one who has common sense; but the latter, which I am going to mention, are only attainable by those

those who have good sense enough to apply their peregrinations to a proper use, so as to acquire from them a real and valuable knowledge of men and things; both which are best known by comparison.

This knowledge, travelling is exactly calculated to attain; we see nature as it were in all her different shapes, we meet with man in his best and worst garb, and are therefore better able to form our judgment of him—"The proper study of mankind is man," says Pope; and we should always consider in travelling that the great object of remark is, *Human Life*.

By travelling we expand our minds, enlarge our views, and soften our manners; and if we visit foreign countries, we are enabled to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel, or fall short of our own, and "to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such aukward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation." These and many more, are the advantages to be gained by travel-

travelling; but they are to be gained only by those as I have before hinted, who are possessed of the ability of travelling to advantage, for an ability it does certainly require, and that ability as one observes, is "previously studying at home."

Lastly, As I have said so much about novelty as being the chief ingredient which recommends travelling to our notice, and constitutes it the chief mean of happiness, (when I speak of happiness, I desire to be understood as including *virtue*; without which, neither travelling nor any thing else, can afford happiness; for as Mr Pope observes, "Virtue alone is happiness below.") it may not be amiss to give the thought a religious turn, which I cannot do better than by introducing a quotation from the Spectator on the force of novelty, and the evidence it affords us of a future state, with which I shall conclude this essay.

"To add no more, is not this fondness for novelty which makes us out of conceit with all we already have, a convincing proof of a future state? either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for, for there cannot be a greater instance of vanity than that to which man is liable to be deluded, from the cradle

cradle to the grave, with fleeting shadows of happiness—his pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession; and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought—when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from the town back again into the country, continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of surely; say I to myself, life is vain, and the man beyond expression stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather he is designed for immortality,” *Spectator*, vol. viii. No. 626.

LET.

LETTER III.

"To write on vulgar themes is thought an easy task."

HORACE.

Wheeley, Essex, Sept. 1, 1791.

DEAR MOTHER,

I Take the first opportunity of giving you a particular account, as you desired, of my journey to this place: I need not inform you that it was nine o'Clock on Saturday morning before I left London, as you know I had to call on my sister after I parted from you, which of course detained me an hour longer in town than I should otherwise have been. It was two o'Clock before I reached Chelmsford, (which is only 29 miles from London) having stopt oftener than I need to have done to bait my horse, which it is necessary for me to observe, as you expressed some apprehensions for my safety when I set out, is as surefooted a creature as ever I rode, and has but one fault, which is a fault common to all hack horses; namely, he wants too much whip

whip and spur, to make him go at any tolerable pace ; and I believe you know so much of my disposition, that I need not add, those are weapons I am not very fond of exercising, especially on the back of poor defenceless animals; you having early taught me that benevolent sentiment which does credit to the wisest of men, such as he was who first uttered it, "*A merciful man is merciful to his beast.*"

I put up at a decent Inn, and got a tolerable dinner at Chelmsford, though the latter was not so good as I wished, and would have had if I could have staid longer there; a veal cutlet, that is to say, a country veal cutlet; or in words more intelligible to you, a slice cut off of a fillet of veal dressed a day or two before, which is dubb'd with the title of a cutlet, with some good fat bacon and the addition of garden stuff, the goodness of which made amends for the quality of the animal food, served me for an excellent repast ; as I was furnished with the most suitable sauce for such kind of beverage, namely, *hunger* ; but the landlord was the disagreeablest thing I met with at this Inn, and was as coarse a fellow as ever I saw, there was not a grain of politeness about him ; but he seemed to possess

all those ill qualities which *Creech* enumerates in the following couplet:

“ A clownish roughness and unkindly close,
 “ Unfriendly, stiff, and peevishly morose.”

It was near four o’Clock before I rose from table, and the seeing my horse consume another quarten of corn, (for I saw him consume one before I began my own dinner, as you know I am for making every thing *bonum securum*, not being ignorant of the tricks of some hostlers who have the cruelty, for cruelty it is of the worst species to withhold from poor dumb animals their scanty allowance, which is done sometimes by neglecting to put hay in the rack, though they never forget to charge for it; at other times, by stinting in measure, in the article of corn, or by taking it from the manger, and oftener by charging a feed or two more than they actually give them; the latter trick I have been served more than once, for I make a point never to order any corn but when I am present to see it eat; yet I have frequently been surprised with a charge of a feed more than I knew my horse had really and bona fide had, and the ostler has affirmed that I ordered a feed at such a time when I knew I had not; I therefore to prevent a frequent occurrence

currence of such imposition, always when I alight order nothing to be given to my horse till I am present to see it ; and although this caution may look like, and be deemed suspicion, I had rather be thought guilty even of suspicion, which I notwithstanding look upon as the meanest thing in the world, and where it actually exists, to be a striking evidence of a *little Mind*, than a faithful animal who carries me with safety should suffer ; besides a man may take prudential measures to guard against imposition, without being possessed of a grain of that suspicion which is characteristic of a *little mind*, and who that knows the world but will admit the necessity of dealing, (as the old adage expresses it) “ with an honest man as you would with a thief ? ” for though I act with this caution at every Inn, I do not suppose the hostlers at every Inn are rogues, but not being able to look into men’s hearts, I am obliged to use these precautions to guard myself against imposition, and my horse from next kin to starving ; it is for this reason that all who have any regard for the cattle they ride, will in my opinion, take the trouble to see them fed ; but methinks interest, without regard, might be enough to persuade Travellers to perform this necessary service ; and I am persuaded that unless they do perform it, they will not travel so

comfortably as they desire) discharging my bill, and making the other necessary preparations for my departure, took up about half an hour more. I then re-mounted my horse, and after two hours easy riding, arrived in the vicinity of *Kevedon*, being eleven miles from my last quarters, and about forty from London.

It was of course near half past seven before I reached this place, and it bidding fair for a dark and disagreeable evening, I began to entertain thoughts of taking up my quarters for the night. These thoughts ended in a determination to that effect, and I alighted at an Inn, the pleasantest for situation that I could find in the Town, namely, one situated near the old Bridge, (for there is a new one building here;) and commanding a view of the river, &c. which makes it very pleasant:—The entertainment I met with at this house was answerable to my wishes, and agreeable to the appearance of it.—The people civil, an excellent larder, and good liquor cannot fail of giving pleasing sensations to a Traveller, after the fatigues of the day, and these I was lucky enough to meet with, I had therefore no reason to repent of my resolution.

Having taken care of my horse, I proceeded, as my custom is, to regale myself with a good dish of tea; afterwards read and wrote in my Journal,
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and filled up what vacant time remained before Supper, in adjusting the expences I had already incurred, during this short peregrination, which I found to amount to much more than I expected, and yet I have been as saving as possible; but you not only know that travelling is very expensive, but that there are a parcel of domestics at every Inn, who expect their different fees as much as the landlord expects his Bill to be discharged; and though they have no legal demand, yet custom (than which nothing can be stronger) pleads forcibly in their behalf, as it is well known that from time immemorial *Innkeepers* have been exempted from paying their servants wages, by the generosity of *Travellers*, who have taken that necessary business upon themselves; but how it first came about that *Innkeepers* acquired this extraordinary privilege above what any other Tradesman is indulged in, of keeping servants at the expence of the public, I cannot learn, except it was first established as a kind of compensation for the loss they may be supposed to sustain from the great quantity of soldiers quartered upon them, which is an hardship (like the before mentioned privilege,) perhaps peculiar to themselves, but it is well known they do not give wages to any of their servants, except it be the cook and house-maid, whose

salaries are so low that they are not worth mentioning. And the Waiters, Bootcatch, Hostlers and Chamber Maid, not only have no salary, but the latter is obliged to furnish at her own expence, the Bed-linen, Napkins, &c. as well as to keep them clean. Thus they may be said to receive no more than the generosity of Travellers bestows upon them, which is but precarious, though it may sometimes amount to something considerable, especially to the Waiters ; in which latter case, if it is known to the Innkeepers, I am informed they insist upon and are paid by such Waiters a certain quantum as a consideration for their place.—These servants therefore have a claim to our benevolence, and I have often wished there were a possibility of compelling Innkeepers to pay them wages, but I see no way of doing this, unless it be by an unanimous agreement amongst Travellers not to give them any thing, which might seem cruel, though I am persuaded that even such a measure would eventually be for the good of those servants ; for when they come to have little or no perquisites, their masters would be obliged to give them wages ; and when that custom was established, if Travellers chose to resume their wonted generosity, it would be putting the money really into the pocket of the domestic, whereas now though it
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be given to the servant, it is in fact the same as giving to the master, for if travellers did not pay them, their employers must; besides there is this inconvenience arising from the present mode, namely, that unless travellers give a certain quantum to each servant, they consider themselves so badly paid, that they murmur; this evidently arises from their considering what they get, as in fact it is, *wages*, and not a *gift*; for if they considered it in the last light, which they would do if they had a salary besides, any sum would be acceptable to them, and they would not shew signs of displeasure if a traveller happened not to give them just as much as the present custom warrants them to expect; whereas now every domestic in an Inn, expects a certain sum fixed as to the lowest quantum, though as much above that as the traveller likes; but if he gives less than custom warrants, they either have the impudence to tell him of it, or will shew their displeasure in some way or other, which makes the expence of travelling much greater than it would be, if I were to say one third more to men in middling circumstances, I should not exaggerate, as I have took the pains, and find it amounts to that upon a moderate calculation.

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I need not apologise for this digression, as you desired me to write long letters, and give a particular detail of every occurrence. But to return, I got my supper early and went to bed, giving a strict charge to the chamber-maid not to let me lay longer than seven the next morning, which charge she minded as much as if it had been not to get married; and I am sure she would not have heeded that, if it be true what a certain writer observes, namely, "That women may be divided into two classes, viz: those who are married, and those who mean to get married."

It was past seven o'clock before I arose on Sunday morning, and as I wished to reach my uncle's as early in the day as possible, and had upwards of twenty miles to go, I lost no time in setting off; but discharged my bill, paid the foregoing fees, and after taking some rum and milk, my favorite liquor before breakfast, mounted my horse.—I rode about eight miles before breakfast, and put up at a small village within two or three miles of *Colchester*, to have some.—I staid at this place about an hour, and a sweet situation it is: from the parlour where I breakfasted, I had a charming view of the country, which at this season of the year is, in my opinion, peculiarly pleasant; had I the genius of a

Thompson,

Thompson, a Fielding, a Browne, or even of a Wright, whose admirable book entitled, *The Rural Christian*, I have on the table before me; I might give you an adequate description of this beautiful spot; but as I have not, I desist: I had upon the whole as pleasant a morning's ride as I could with reason desire - if there was any thing to make it uncomfortable it was the dust, and I was almost selfish enough to wish for rain for personal advantage, without considering whether it would be for the benefit of vegetation in general.—I recollect reading a curious anecdote of the late Dr. Johnson upon this head, and it came across my mind several times while I was riding; it is in substance, as follows:

“A lady who was travelling with the doctor on a summer's day, when it was very hot and dry, having expressed a wish for some rain to lay the dust, met with the following severe rebuke from him; “I cannot bear,” said he, “when I know how many poor families will perish next winter for want of that bread which the present drought will deny them, to hear ladies sighing for rain only that their complexions may not suffer from the heat, or their cloaths be incommoded by the dust; for shame, leave off such foppish lamentations

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tations, and study to relieve those whose distresses are real."

At half past ten o'clock on Sunday morning, I arrived at *Colchester*, and should have continued my journey without stopping there, had I not felt a sudden inclination, upon finding such a variety of churches and meetings in this place, to visit one of them; I therefore put up my horse, and having learned that there was a *methodist meeting-house*, (for they do not call them *chapels* there,) at a little distance from the Inn where I lodged, I resolved to go to that, as you may suppose, in preference to any other.—I went, and was much surprised when instead of hearing a sermon preached, I saw a young man get up and begin to read one, it was however an excellent one, "On the duty and advantages of early rising;" written by that great and good man, the Rev. John Wesley: I am sure, though it was read but in an indifferent manner, it made such an impression on me that I thought I could never more be guilty of that great sin, for such the reverend author I think clearly proves it to be, of wasting my time in bed; and I resolved *Deo juvante*, to amend my life in this particular; so that I may say I found this a profitable opportunity, and have reason to thank God that he influenced me to go there;—you are,

are, no doubt surpris'd as I was myself, that in so populous a place as *Colehester*, there should not be preaching two or three times a day in the meeting, as the methodists are in general so particular in supplying their places of worship with preachers, especially in large towns like this; but some how or other, there is neglect here, as the people inform'd me, if I am not mistaken, that there is seldom *preaching* above once on the Sunday, and sometimes only every other Sunday, and that the person who supplies the place comes from Wivenhoe. One reflection naturally occurs to my mind upon this occasion, which is, *How highly privileged are christians in London above those in the country*;—in London, we have places of worship almost in every street, and nearly at every hour in the day; so that whatever time suits a person to go, they may find some place of worship open; we have an opportunity of hearing a variety of preachers, men of different gifts and many of extraordinary abilities:—not so in the country; very few are the places where the gospel is preached in its purity, and the times of service at those places so very seldom, that a labouring person cannot ensure a sermon above once in a fortnight, even in a country town; but as to the inhabitants of many villages, who perhaps are ten, fifteen or

twenty miles from any such place of worship, they know not what it is to hear a sermon for a month together, and was it not for one happy custom that prevails, they would be still worse off, I mean that of having frequent prayer-meetings, and love feasts among themselves, which they can have without the assistance of a preacher;—these poor things meet together from neighbouring villages once or twice a week, and unite in offering up their simple petitions to that deity who is as well pleased with the broken accents of a simple soul as with the most elaborate petitions of the learned, *though equally sincere*; I have been at those country prayer meetings, and I assure you it did my heart good to hear those simple souls *pour out their hearts unto God*, as it is expressed in scripture, and it has excited my admiration to see those men

“Of plain good sense untutor’d in the schools,”

who have been following the plough all day, and have not therefore the means of knowledge, and some of whom cannot even read, uniformly, if not eloquently, pray extempore, before so many people for half an hour; but what shall we say, *those that have the greatest opportunity of knowing do not always know the most*; this much however
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we shall do well to consider that in proportion to our privileges will be our guilt, if we neglect to improve them, since the word of God assures us that, "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required," *Luke xii. 48.* And herein God deals with us as we do with each other, for we know, as the same evangelist goes on to tell us in that verse, that "to whom *men* have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

I left *Colchester* at one o'clock, and had a very agreeable ride from thence to my Uncle's—It is a very bye road, I did not meet a carriage or horse all the way, which is I believe eleven or twelve miles, but however I turned this to a good advantage, and availed myself of the rural ride and variegated prospects, which assisted me to meditate. Who can look on the works of nature without being secretly impelled to worship the Deity, for as the poet expresses it

"By Nature as impell'd my voice I raise,
"And as impell'd, the God of nature praise."

I am far from being of the opinion of *Democritus*, of whom it is said (as Lord Bolingbroke informs us) that he put out his eyes that he might meditate with less distraction. I would rather use my eyes to assist my meditation, they are said very truly to be the inlets to the soul,
they

they furnish us with continual matter for meditation; what we see we can revolve in our mind, and though we can meditate without them, yet they are of eminent use to supply us with a quick succession of objects to engross our meditation.

It was no small part of my pleasure on this journey to anticipate the enjoyments I was likely to meet with at my uncle's. It has been remarked by *philosophers*, and the remark is I think congenial to the experience of mankind, "That the pleasures of anticipation are greater than those of actual enjoyment;" for my own part, though I have no great reason to complain of disappointment in this particular, yet I cannot but think we are all more or less apt to over-rate our enjoyments in expectancy; this much however I am certain of, that part of our happiness or satisfaction in life, call it by which name you please, arises from looking backward on past, and forward to, future enjoyments. The looking forward to and hoping for future gratifications, is the greatest stimulus that I know of, whether it be considered in a moral or profane view; and this I think must appear obvious to any one that considers the following remarks, namely, what is it makes the *Tradesman* "rise up early, and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness;" but looking forward and expecting by and bye, to reap

reap the fruits of his industry, by enjoying a snug fortune, or rather the various pleasures which that will procure him? what is it makes the *lover* pursue the object of his affections with such ardour, with such determined resolution to do and suffer any thing that may tend to gain her affections, but the pleasing hope of success, and the consequent enjoyment of her person? Mr. Gay, I think, paints in striking colours the efforts used by a lover to overcome the obstinacy of his mistress in the following lines:

- “ Strephon had long confess’d his amorous pain,
- “ Which gay Corinna fallied with disdain ;
- “ Sometimes in broken words he sigh’d his care,
- “ Look’d pale and trembled when he view’d the fair ;
- “ With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc’d,
- “ He dress’d, he laugh’d, he sung, he rhym’d, he danc’d ;
- “ Now call’d more powerful presents to his aid,
- “ And to seduce the mistress, brib’d the maid ;
- “ Smooth flattery in her softer hours apply’d,
- “ The surest charm to bend the force of pride.”

All which the poet goes on to represent as ineffectual. Again, what is it makes the *mariner* combat the many difficulties attending a seafaring life, but *ay* hopes of a rich prize and a successful voyage? in which case, he knows he shall enjoy himself on shore: and to mention no more instances of the like kind;—
what

what induces *the soldier* to venture his life in a field of battle, but the hope of victory and the consequent honours and emoluments that may accrue to him from a display of his courage? I do not say, but what the love of his country may be a powerful motive with him; but I insist that it is blended with, and annexed to, the before mentioned motives; so also *the christian soldier*—He that is called, “to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life,” 1 *Tim.* vi. 12. to wrestle not against flesh and blood only, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,” *Ephesians* vi. 12. What makes him fight manfully under the banner of Christ against the world, the flesh and the devil, but the hopes, the certain hopes of victory? I say the certain hopes, for

“To patient faith the prize is *sure*,

“And they that to the end endure

“The cross, shall wear the crown.”

The crown of glory, which St. Peter tells us, is superior to a crown of laurels; inasmuch as it fadeth not way, *Peter* v. 4. Herein the christian soldier has the advantage, “He conquers though he dies”—*Generals* stimulate their soldiers

diers to battle, by telling them what rewards they will obtain if they are victorious ; they cannot however with the same confidence assure them of enjoyments they shall meet with if they fall in battle ; but the captain of our salvation, not only promises us present peace and happiness, and “a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory,” 1 *Pet.* i. 8. but also, enjoyments that would beggar description, in another world, if we die fighting the battles of the Lord. “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life, *Rev.* ii. latter clause of the 10th verse. And all wise generals will not think it enough to promise their soldiers enjoyments if they conquer ; but if they cannot promise them happiness if they fall, they will do well at least to fortify their minds against death by some such considerations as are contained in the following lines :

“ Who would not die in his dear country’s cause,
 “ Since, if base fear his dastard step withdraws,
 “ From death he cannot fly :—one common grave
 “ Receives at last the coward and the brave !”

Fielding’s Translation of Horace.

I have often admired the conduct of *Mahomet* in this respect, who certainly was a very great General ; and as I am upon the subject, it may not be amiss to relate it to you, as you may probably not have read it ; he, no doubt, foresaw that he

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must propagate his religion by the sword, and therefore to make good soldiers of his *mussulmen*, he artfully introduced into the Koran, that those who fell in battle should be peculiarly happy in another world, that they should have exquisite enjoyments of every kind; amongst the rest, that they should have the privilege of drinking the richest wines, which their religion forbade them to do in this world: and as their climate rendered them peculiarly fond of women, he not only allowed a plurality of wives and concubines, by which means they were at liberty to debauch their female captives, but held out to them the assurance that those who were slain should have plenty of black eyed girls to consort with in paradise.—And the author of *The Siege of Damascus* has therefore very properly introduced *Mahomet* stimulating his soldiers to fight at that siege, by setting before them the pleasures that await those in paradise who fall in battle. Upon that occasion, he puts the following animating lines into the mouth of *Mahomet*, all of which I believe may as properly be applied to the christian soldier, except the line about “the blooming beauties.”

“Think

" Think that you all to *certain* triumphs move,
 " Who falls in fight, yet meets the prize above ;
 There in the gardens of eternal spring
 While birds of paradise around you sing,
 Each with his blooming beauty by his side,
 Shall drink rich wines, that in full currents glide,
 Breathe fragrant gales o'er fields of spice that blow,
 And gather fruits immortal as they grow,
 Extatic bliss shall your whole powers employ,
 And ev'ry sense be lost in every joy."

I shall not weary you with any more observations,
 but proceed to give you an account of my recep-
 tion on my arrival at *Wheeley*.

I arrived safe at my Uncle's, and found him
 and his family all well. They had been ex-
 pecting me some time, and the manner in which
 they received me will indelibly impress me as long
 as I live ; while I explain it to you, a tear of gra-
 titude trickles down my cheek. I was, you know
 in a manner a stranger to them, quite so to the
 children, and my Uncle and Aunt had not seen
 me for fifteen years, and therefore I was the more
 struck at the cordial reception they gave me.
 My uncle and aunt shook me by the hand, and the
 children, four in number, gathered round me to
 welcome my arrival, and calling me *Cousin* at
 every sentence : as soon as they received my let-
 ter, and knew that I was coming down, they put
 up

up some fowls to fatten, and made every other preparation to make my stay with them agreeable, and they still endeavour to lengthen my visit by every act of kindness, stratagem and endearment that they can think of: one instance of the former, I cannot help here reciting; having expressed a wish that I had some home-baked bread (this was soon after my arrival,) they insisted upon, and I could not divert them from their determination of sending my little cousin several miles off to a brewer to get some *Newin*, as I think they call it here; and that afternoon I had some hot cakes for tea of their own baking.—It is necessary as you have not seen my uncle for such a length of time, that I give you an account of him and the family. He is pretty well in health, and I hope is doing very well; he works, I believe, for every one in the Village, the Squire and Parson, who are the two greatest men here, not excepted; in my idea of *Greatness*, I wish you to understand I include goodness, for *Great and Good*, are with me (as *Beautiful and Good* were with the Greeks) convertible terms, and I think the former as they did the latter, as necessarily connected as Cause and Effect.—The English indeed seem to have been of the same opinion with the Greeks, as to the connection between *Beautiful and Good*, as appears

pears by an old philosophic proverb of our own, which being trite and vulgar has the misfortune to be overlooked, *handsome is, that handsome does.*

—My aunt is tolerable in health, and hath, thank God, in a great measure got the better of that dreadful accident, which happened to her so long since—she has so far the use of her hand and arm, that she can do many things of late in her domestic concerns more than she could before: there are four children, two boys and two girls; the eldest, a girl about seventeen, named Elizabeth, whom the father hath brought up to his business—the next in age, a boy about fifteen, named William—the third, a girl about twelve, named Ann—and the youngest, a boy about seven, named after his father, *Richard*: they are four fine healthy children, the first is indeed a very fine young woman, though I called her a girl; and is as you may suppose, a very suitable companion for me while I am here; she and I walk about the country together, so that the people take us for lovers; I am quite charmed with the innocence and purity of her manners, so different to what those in London are in general at her age; and she is pleased to say she is charmed with my condescension: she told me innocently one day that I won her heart by the affable manner in which I saluted her when I first arrived,

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as she had been forming the strangest notions of me in the world, and I think not very honourable, though it shews her meekness and humility, for she conceived from my manner of writing, that I should not even permit her, nor any of the children, to sit with me at table.

I spend my time in the most agreeable manner at this place, either walking with my cousin Betsy, or taking rides to adjacent villages in the day, and spending the evenings with my uncle and his family, who also convene their neighbours, to whom I read and expound the scriptures and other books, and I find them all ear and attention; the most intelligent man that I have had the honour of conversing with, except the esquire, who dropt in one day to order a pair of gloves, is the *parish clerk* or sexton, as I believe they call him, and he occasionally makes one of my audience in an evening. There is but one peculiar custom that I know of worth mentioning at this place, and that is their selling butter by the pint, though I am informed they sell it at *Cambridge* by the yard; but as I am going there I shall know the truth of it. They have a very curious dialect here; many words they use that I never heard before, and am quite a stranger to their meaning,

meaning, except so far as they are pleased to explain them, it would be endless to enumerate them; but I shall adduce one as a specimen, used by my cousin Dick:—As I was dressing one morning, the lad who came to call me up, told me my hair was all *smarl'd*—I asked him what he meant; but he could tell me no more than that it was *smarl'd*; I was quite struck at this odd expression, as I never heard it applied to any thing but a dog, or an angry person when we say, He *smarl'd* at me; but after much interrogation, and looking into the glass, I found the young rogue meant my hair was rough and wanted combing; one more word, equally as absurd, is used by all the people here, and applied to every thing, *i. e.* *stamming*, for example, *stamming*, large and *stamming* small, *stamming* long, and *stamming* short, &c. &c. &c.

We have had one very pleasant excursion to *Harwich*, which is about twelve miles distant from this place; we went with an intention of crossing over from thence to *Languard-fort*, but by the time we got there and had dined, it was so late that we were afraid to venture so far, lest we should not get back by dark; we had a pleasant walk about *Harwich* and its environs, the former is itself a low and dirty place, the
streets

streets mostly narrow like Wapping, and the inhabitants for the most part, as low as that place: it seems to me from the view I had of it, about a mile, from the town, to lay quite in an hole. There are however the most beautiful walks in the latter, especially by the sea side, fine high hills, where you may see ships for the distance of many miles:—We had like to have met with a very disagreeable accident coming back which might have proved of serious consequence—my uncle was driving, and unfortunately ran on a large stone which lay on the side of the road, which lifted us up on one side so high, that it was the greatest wonder we were not turned over; we expected nothing else, it was almost on an equal poise on either side; but luckily for us, it preponderated in our favour, and we escaped a severe fall: we are sometimes nearest danger when we are least aware of it. I thank God for his providential deliverance, and am inspired with a secret hope, that the same deity will preserve me the remainder of my journey. I am already well known here by the name of *The Londoner*; and if I were to remain, I believe you might safely direct a letter to the *Londoner* at Wheeley; and it would reach me. I intend to set off from this place on this day

day to Newmarket, and from thence to Cambridge. I shall the first opportunity give you an account of my journey from hence.

My uncle, aunt, and cousins, join me in love and duty to you---they wish very much to have the pleasure of seeing you at Wheeley.

I am, dear Mother,

Your's, &c.

J. H. PRINCE, *the Londoner.*

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LETTER IV.

“ 'Tis wisdom's part, sometimes to play the fool.”

HORACE.

Newmarket, Sept. 2, 1791.

DEAR MOTHER,

I Now resume my pen to give you a further sketch of my journey, since I sent you the last, which I hope you duly received.—I closed that letter with an account of my safe arrival at my uncle's, and my entertainment there; and informed you that I should prosecute my journey on that day, which I accordingly did, tho' it was with difficulty I could prevail upon them to let me depart so soon—indeed their repeated solicitations to lengthen the time of my visit, as well as their earnest intreaty for a speedy renewal of the same, evidenced the purest friendship, and was such as effectually ensured my gratitude to, and esteem for them.

It was three in the afternoon, before I could get away, I therefore could not make any great progress

progress in my journey on that day.—By the time I reached Colchester, I found the day so far advanced that I was almost tempted to halt for the night—the rest of my journey lay across the country, a road which I had never been; and the first place in my circuit was at such a distance, as precluded all hopes of reaching it before Sol's bright beams were withdrawn, without the aid of which I might find it difficult to explore a way with which I was so unacquainted;—these concomitant circumstances, though they made me pause, did not effectually deter me from an attempt to gain the next village. After a short refreshment at Colchester, I therefore resumed my journey; but time flew faster than I did upon my poor hack horse; and, before I had proceeded three miles, night arrested me like a fugitive in my career—I found myself enveloped in thick darkness, which, added to the consciousness of my being ignorant of the way I had to go, and in a tract of land not much frequented, being in a cross road where I had no probability of meeting with a kind director, seemed to influence my mind, the darkness of which was analogous to that of the night—my imagination teemed with frightful apprehensions of approaching evil—I knew not to a certainty how far I had to travel in this uncertain maze,

nor whether it was most adviseable to continue my progress or return back.—In this uncertain dilemma, I lifted up my thoughts to him, “Before whom the darkness is as the noon day,” while the animal on which I rode moved with slow and cautious steps along the ground; when shortly, to increase my difficulty, I perceived by something white before me, I had arrived at a direction-post, where two roads met; but, though I could discover the post, in spite of all my efforts, I could not make out one letter of the inscription on it—if I was perplexed before, I was much more so now.—To proceed was now more dangerous than ever, as should I happen to take the wrong road, I might have to travel many miles before I reached a village—to return back was now more difficult, as I had got about two miles farther from Colchester, which I might not reach without some difficulty; yet, of the two, the latter expedient seemed to offer itself as the most practicable and safe, and would have been adopted by me, had I not, at that instant, heard the trampling of horses, and soon after discovered two men riding towards me, at sight of whom I felt the principles of hope and fear alternately prevail in my breast; sometimes the former, on supposition that I should
get

get such information from them as would enable me to proceed on my journey, and soon reach the place of my destination; and sometimes the latter, on like supposition, that these were highwaymen, and would certainly murder me for the sake of that little I had about me, or at least, wrest that little from and dismount me; which, considering the distance I was from home, and in a strange place, seemed almost as terrible as death; but I was agreeably deceived in the last supposition, and the salutation of *good night*, as they passed, convinced me that my fears were groundless, and exhilarated my spirits so far as to enable me to call out, "Which is the road to Nayland, Gentlemen?" at which they turned their horses heads, and very politely gave me every information I wanted—I found I was not more than two miles from my intended quarters, and that the road was straight and good all the way.—You cannot conceive the satisfaction I experienced in being thus relieved from my fears and embarrassments, and the gratitude I felt to these gentlemen, whom I looked upon, under God, as my deliverers, as well as to that God of providence who had heard my short and imperfect ejaculation, and given proofs of his guardian care: the last two miles seemed pleasant in comparison

parison to the former, although the darkness of the night, and my being fatigued, tended much to impede my progress and made it late before I reached Nayland.

I was too fatigued and impatient to ride thro' the town, as my usual custom is, in order to find out the best inn, but put up at the first I came to; which, as luck would have it, proved to be a very good one: as soon as I saw my horse consume his corn, I regaled myself over my favorite beverage, *a cup of tea*; and the satisfaction I felt in being safe housed after so many difficulties, is better felt than described—the reflections I made on the occasion, and which, as I trust they will not be unacceptable to you, I shall here repeat, were if after this *trifling* fatigue, I am so delighted with this *as trifling* enjoyment, what must be the delight, the ecstasies of those who, after a life of three score years and ten spent for the most part in disquietude and care, find themselves safe housed in that house which is "*not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*"

After tea, as you know I am no supper eater, I further recruited my exhausted strength and spirits with a tumbler of rum and water; by the time I had drank which, the clock and my drowsiness admonished me to retire to rest—I
there-

therefore obeyed the admonition, and made the necessary preparations for such retirement ; and, after giving a strict charge to the boot-catch not to let me lay longer than seven the next morning, I was escorted by a very pretty *fille de chambre*, armed with a warming-pan, to a commodious chamber with suitable appendages. Having given you a very minute account of every thing that has transpired in this journey hitherto, I shall not secrete from you what passed during the time the said *fille de chambre* and me were together in this place, destined for my night's repose ; but will really and bona fide communicate to you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, respecting the transactions which there took place : my fair companion having turned down the bed at top, and opened a vacancy at the bottom sufficient to admit the said warming-pan, proceeded with wonderful agility, perhaps peculiar to country girls, to exercise the said vehicle, if I may so call it about, and to apply it to every part of the bed till the heat which proceeded, and the smoke which evaporated from it, had diffused a fervour through every part. The time this operation was performing I employed in undressing myself as far as decency would allow, that I might not lose the benefit of that artificial

artificial warmth which it had cost so much trouble to procure.

My *fille de chambre* having performed her duty, and enquired whether I would extinguish the light, or permit her to fetch it away when I was in bed, was about to withdraw, which I perceived by her uttering in a low, but musical voice, "Good night, sir." This salutation accompanied with a side glance, in some measure roused me from my drowsiness; and I, as it were instinctively, placed myself between her and the door, to prevent a precipitate retreat—I then told her that I could not suffer her to withdraw without making my acknowledgments to her for her great care and attention in accommodating me with a comfortable chamber and a warm bed, and claimed the common privilege of travellers, the favor of saluting her lips; the nymph, somewhat surprized at the last requisition, and perhaps more so at the harrangue which preceded it, after a short pause and the exclamation of "Lord, sir!" gave the signal for a salute; and I lost no time in answering that signal, nor she in withdrawing, as by that time her mistress vociferated, "Sally?" in a voice which thrilled through my ears, and I was left by myself to enjoy the benefit of a warm bed, and

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

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The boot-catch was too polite to obey the injunction I laid upon him the preceeding evening, "not to let me lay longer than seven o'clock in the morning;" and it was near eight before the image of death was withdrawn from my eyes:—I had planned my journey for this day, and determined to make this place (Newmarket) near forty miles distant, if possible, my next evening quarters—this hour, therefore, broke into my plan; but I was resolved to fetch it up by subsequent diligence, I therefore rose with all possible dispatch, and set off immediately—I rode ten miles before breakfast, and reached Lavenham, in Suffolk, by ten o'Clock—I set off again from thence about eleven, and reached Bury St. Edmund's, 12 miles distant, by about two; here I halted a considerable time; and, as I found no appetite for dinner so soon, I took a glass of liquor; and while my horse was eating his corn, I went into one of the church-yards: there are several churches; Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, being a large town, and amused myself with reading the inscriptions on the tomb-stones; many of which are very particular, and some so much so, that I thought it worth my pains to transcribe several of them.—This employment beguiled the time so that it was near four o'Clock before I recollected that I had yet twelve

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miles

miles to go; I therefore hastened to the Inn and remounted my horse: after a pleasant ride, for the most part in the cool of the day, I found myself just before dusk, in the environs of Newmarket; having had, upon the whole, fine weather and an agreeable day's journey) I reconnoitred the town for the purpose of discovering the best place to take up my evening quarters, and happened to fix on one not so handsome in its appearance as in the good accommodation it afforded --- I ordered a mutton chop with appurtenances; and while that was getting ready, went into the stable and saw my horse consume a double quantum of corn; for you know it is a maxim with me, *that those who are the least able to take care of themselves have the greatest claim to the care of those who are not only able to help themselves but others.*

After I had performed this necessary piece of service, I sat down to my chop, which I can assure you I relished, as by this time riding had brought me to my appetite. After dinner, it not being quite dark, I thought I would take a walk to see the famous Newmarket course; I accordingly did, and amused myself a considerable time in walking about and surveying that noble spot, of which I shall give you what I know will be but an awkward description.—The
course

course extends several miles, and forms a beautiful round, surrounded with rails painted light; so that the ground, encompassed within these rails, has something of the appearance of a bowling green, 'tis so remarkable green and level, and the course itself outside these rails, is beautifully level and accommodating to the feet of the racer, who performs that on it, which perhaps could not be performed on any other spot of ground but *a course*.

At good distances from each other, there are erected along this course, for the accommodation of the nobility, &c. who wish to be spectators of the races, wooden buildings, elevated above the road, about the height of a one pair of stairs window; which, if I do not mistake the jockey phrase, in which you know I am no proficient, are distinguished by the appellation of *Sporting-boxes*, and indeed deserve that name from the size and conciseness of their bulk. It being so near dark when I took this survey, I do not pretend to be exact in the description, but those I conceive to be the outlines. For the same reason, as well as on account of my fatigue occasioned by having rode near forty miles this day, I did not walk far round the course, but contented myself for the most part of the time I was

there in walking about the beautiful green, inclosed within the rails of the course, from which I took my observations; and at last laid down on the grass to rest myself, where I had not lain long before an opportunity offered to afford me, what I call a *piece of fun*, or if you please, as much entertainment as ever I experienced, though it had like, and perhaps would have cost me dear, had I not thought on a stratagem to prevent it.

Though I have already trespassed on your time, I know that you would not thank me if I were to conclude abruptly, and after having excited your curiosity were not to satisfy it respecting this adventure from which I am just returned, and which awakened my mirth to that degree that I can hardly suppress it while I am writing an account of it; as I anticipate your desire to be informed thereof I shall briefly relate the circumstances of this frolic and with that relation, shall conclude.

Having, as I before hinted, laid down on the grass, I had not been in that posture long before I discovered a man walking along the course, no great distance from where I lay, and coming towards that spot. Having, as he drew near me, discovered something laying on the
grass

grass which he could not properly distinguish by the light which then remained, and I believe, I at that instant, happened to move my legs; I saw him make a stand at the rails and gaze with great earnestness at me, the object which he saw move: I cannot account for it, but at that instant, it came into my head to have a frolic at the expence of this man; I saw he was intimidated at seeing something move on the grass, he could not tell what, and instead of rising and suppressing his fears, I was determined to humour, and take such methods as should rather increase than diminish them. I will not pretend to justify my conduct in this instance, though as Horace, in my motto very truly says,

“ 'Tis wisdom's part sometimes to play the fool.”

At the same time, I am profane enough to look upon this adventure as an harmless piece of fun, since I had no intention to injure the man eventually; and, when you advert to my age and natural levity, you will not so much wonder at my relishing it, although the consequences had like to have proved so detrimental to myself. As soon as I ceased moving my legs, whether or not the man suspected his eye-sight had deceived him, in representing something as moving,
which

which did not, or from whatever cause it arose, he mustered resolution enough to proceed on his journey along the course, by the side of the rails, but still directing his eyes towards the spot where he suspected some living creature was; as I found my laying still had no more effect upon him, I began to move my legs, and he could proceed no farther, but made a dead stand, and again surveyed the spot where I lay; nor did he seem to have power to move, till I again lay still, and then he proceeded as before, directing a jealous eye towards me. In this manner I tantalized the poor-fellow a considerable time; whenever I moved my legs, he stood still and gazed; but when I had been still a second or two, he proceeded, but never took his eyes from the place, though he dared not seemingly approach it: you may be ready to wonder how he could keep walking on towards me and not get near enough to discover what it was; but you will recollect, that this course went round the field or inclosure, where I lay, and therefore, as I was a good distance from the rails, he might continue walking a considerable time without losing sight of me.

After he had spent some time in this anxiety, he was, in a measure relieved from it, by the
appear-

appearance of a gentleman on horse-back; at the sight of whom I'll be bound the fellow's heart leaped for joy. By the time they met, they were so near that I could hear their conversation about this phantom that appeared before them; and I, at that instant they met, began kicking up my feet :—I heard the man on foot tell the gentleman on horse-back, how he had been amused for some time with something that lay there, which every now and then moved, and they entered into a consultation what it could be, when the gentleman on horse-back, assisted I suppose by the elevation of his situation and his superior eye-sight; which by the bye, was not perhaps so much beclouded by fear as the other, discovered, and gave his opinion, that it was a human being; and that as I moved sometimes, I might be in the agonies of convulsion; and he proposed to leap his horse over the rails, reconnoitre the spot, and afterwards return with a report. The man on foot seemed to relish the proposition very well, as he did not seem inclined to accompany on foot, apprehending, I suppose, that in case of an attack, he could not ensure so good a retreat as his friend, he therefore remained at his post, waiting the event of this inspection, and determining, no doubt, to secure his retreat on the first symptom
of

of danger: the horseman leaped the rail, and I began to think it was all over with me, as I expected no less than the discipline of the horse-whip, as soon as he discovered the fraud; I therefore concerted measures for my safety—to fly was impracticable from a horseman, to remain on the field was dangerous to the extreme, as I should have to combat a very unequal enemy; however, as luck would have it, a thought came into my head, of an expedient that would enable me to keep the field without subjecting myself to the fury of my antagonist; namely, by alarming his fears as I had done those of the footman; this expedient was no other than that used by David, to escape out of the hands of Abimelech, whose story it was very singular at that moment came into my head, and I determined to sham mad; as soon, therefore, as the horseman approached, I put myself into all manner of postures; jumped up, hallowed and hooped, and run towards him, insisting on getting up behind him; at the appearance of such frantic behaviour, he seemed astonished, and no doubt, changed his opinion, and thought that instead of my having convulsions in my body, I had them in my brains, and without sustaining a second charge of my incoherent nonsense, he thought

thought it safer to retreat, which he did, by setting spurs to his horse, and to my no small consolation I soon lost sight of him. My supposition was right respecting the courage of the other, who kept watch at the rail; seeing the gentleman make off, without returning to give his report, he obeyed the signal and took to his heels in the most precipitate manner; at the same time, like all other cowards, looking behind him to see how far the enemy was in the rear; as he, no doubt, expected a pursuit, and I believe, had I not been seized with a sudden fit of laughter, to see these two chicken-hearted fellows struck with such a panic at my appearance, I should have increased that panic by a mock pursuit; however, I carried the joke quite far enough, and having seen them clear off, and apprehending they might return with a fresh reinforcement to the field, I thought it prudent to withdraw by another way to the town, than that by which I came; I did so, and reached my quarters without any molestation; where I immediately set down to begin this letter, and having wearied myself with writing and you with reading it, I shall add no more, than just to say, that I intend setting off from this place early in the morning, and expect to reach Arston by very good time

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to-morrow.

to-morrow. A particular account of my subsequent movements and operations till I arrive at that place, you shall have in my next, which will be dated from thence, and in the mean time,

I am,

Your dutiful son, &c.

J. H. PRINCE.

LET.

LETTER V.

"Though low the subject, it deserves our pains."

SPECTATOR.

Arson, Sept. 4, 1791.

DEAR MOTHER,

I Had no sooner dispatched my last letter to you, than I set down to regale myself over my favourite beverage (I need not again repeat what it is) revolving in my mind the adventure of which I gave you a particular account at the conclusion of my last. That adventure ended much better than, at one stage of it, I thought it would; I could not help hugging myself when I reflected, that I was left in a whole skin, at the same time, it afforded me meditation for the evening—methinks you smile at the last expression, thinking it would rather unfit me for, than assist me to meditate, I know that is the common idea; but I think and find, that indulging one's self in a diversion now and then, provided it be a lawful one, tends to make us

relish the better our meditations, and other intellectual exercises when we return to them; nor am I singular in this opinion, the Spectator was of the same, for he says in one of his numbers, I do not justly recollect which, but it is in the second volume of his works, "that the mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking;" and this, no doubt, is the meaning of *Solomon*, when he tells us, *there is a time to laugh*:—I would not wish you to think that I am an advocate for levity, except it be just so much as is necessary to relaxation, for no one has a higher sense of the mischiefs it produces, when indulged to the extreme, than myself: *Seneca* observes somewhere, and I am willing to fall in with his opinion, if it be construed in the latter sense; that, "*levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.*"

I went to bed very early in the evening, partly on account of my fatigue, having rode about forty miles that day, which is enough to tire any person not much accustomed to riding, and partly from my desire to rise early in the morning to pursue my journey to *Cambridge*, and from thence to *Arfson*; at the latter place, I wished to arrive as early as possible, lest I should not find *Miss H.*—there; but I travel faster

faster by night than by day. I had not been in bed, I suppose, above half an hour, before I found myself at Arston, in the company of Miss H—, with whom I had a very interesting conversation; you will excuse my recapitulating it, and before I awoke, which was an hour after I went to bed, I had compleated writing a very long letter to you, descriptive of my journey, &c. I assure you, I was not a little disappointed to find I had got my journey to perform, and my letter to write; and it is wonderful that I did not recollect any more of the letter than the general tenor of it, and that it concluded with the following remarkable words; “And, now, dear mother, having given you, in this and my two prior letters, a particular account of my journey from London to Wheeley, and from thence to this place, I conclude, by wishing you health and happiness, till I have the pleasure of seeing you in London, and presenting to you the worthy Miss H—, of whom I may say in the language of the Spectator, “*you will easily find a worse woman; a better, the sun never shone upon:*” and while I was writing the last word, I awoke.

I looked upon this dream as a happy preface of my future success, and gave it a favourable inter-

interpretation; namely, that things would fall out as I had dreamt, for I am not like some, who suppose things will happen exactly contrary to what they dream; for instance, if of a wedding, they say, "there will be a burying;" if of the dead, "we shall hear of the living;" and vice versa; whatever it be, they suppose just the opposite will happen; which is, in my opinion, absurd to the last degree. You will be surprized to hear me talk about dreams, as you know I have but little faith in them; but this was so remarkable, especially the latter part of it, that I conceived it worth noticing; upon the whole, I thought it a corroboration of the truth contained in the following couplet:

—What studies please, what most delight
And all men's thoughts, they dream them o'er at night.

CREECH.

You may suppose, for I have heard you say, you have been in love, that I did not get much sleep the remainder of this night; thinking of my dream and my beloved Miss H—— kept me awake 'till nearly the time I should have arose; I then went to sleep, and did not awake till near nine o'Clock, when I got up, eat my breakfast with all speed, saw my horse fed, discharged my bill, and set off,
It

It was one of the delightfulest mornings that ever I saw—the sun shone with resplendent lustre, and totally eradicated the fog which had invested the earth, the air was serene, the sky without a cloud; in a word, it was just such a morning as *Thomson* describes in his poem on the autumn; and whilst I surveyed the face of nature, which had put on such a smiling countenance, I was ready to say with him,

“Hence, every harsher sight, for now the day,
 “O’er heaven and earth diffus’d, grows warm and high:
 “Infinite splendor, wide investing all;
 “How still the breeze, save what the filmy threads
 “Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain:
 “How clear the cloudless sky, how deeply ting’d
 “With a peculiar blue, the ethereal arch
 “How swell’d immense, amid whose azure thron’d
 “The radiant sun how gay, how calm below
 “The gilded earth!”

As I passed by *the course*, my mind naturally recurred to the last night’s adventure, and I could not restrain my mirth at the recollection of the droll circumstances that attended it. I had an exceeding pleasant ride from Newmarket to Cambridge, it is without exception, the finest country that ever I passed through; the road is as level as a bowling-green, and the eye has the pleasure of ranging o’er a vast tract of land on every side, without meeting the least obstruction

—“To

—"To a mind intent upon its own improvement," says the pious Mr. Hervey, "solitude has charms incomparably more engaging than the entertainments presented in the theatre, or the honors conferred in the drawing room;" and I can set my seal to the truth of that observation, for solitude has charms, to me, incomparably more engaging, not only than the before mentioned entertainment, but than all the pleasures of the busy world put together, so deeply am I convinced of the benefits of retirement, that I have ever prayed, and still pray with the contemplative *Brown*,!

"O far from cities my abode remove,
 "To realms of innocence and peace and love;
 "And if unblam'd, my fond desires might plead,
 "A little cottage on the lonely mead
 "Should be my choice!"

I have no greater ambition at present, and hope I never shall; though, even this situation I do not think *essential* to my happiness, for I thank God, I can be happy without it; I am convinced that nothing is *really* essential to my happiness but virtue, which, if I possess, I shall have a continual fund of happiness within me; I cannot but think this is *Solomon's* meaning, when he says, "A good man shall be satisfied from himself,"

self," *Prov. xiv. 14.* and I have often admired the similitude there is between that expression, and one made use of by the much admired philosopher *Seneca*, who says, "*the virtuous soul derives all its comfort from WITHIN,*" not from *WITHOUT*. From this view of the subject, we see that *happiness* is within the reach of every individual, because virtue is attainable by all; God forbid, it should depend on any particular enjoyment, for if it did, it would not be attained by the greater part of mankind: the whole of these considerations naturally remind me of the following couplet, which I recollect reading somewhere in the *Spectator*, than which I think nothing can be more apposite to the subject:

" 'Tis not the place disgust or pleasure brings;

" From our own mind our satisfaction springs."

I had not rode many miles from *Newmarket* before a droll circumstance occurred, which for a season interrupted my pleasure, and put me to a great deal of inconvenience: Having had occasion to alight, and supposing my horse, from the proofs I had had of his gentleness, would stand still, I let go his bridle; but how was I surprized, when as soon as I had got a yard or two from him, I saw him gallop off towards *Newmarket*;—in this dilemma, I had no other

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alterna-

alternative but to follow him as fast as I could; but being incumbered with a great coat, the pockets of which were loaded with sundry articles, I found I could *make no way*; yet recollecting the old adage, "*of two evils chuse the least*," and thinking I should lose my horse if I preferred my coat; the latter being of least value, I cast off in the road, that I might be the better able to run after the former; and here I acted agreeable to reason, for as Dr. Johnson observes,

"When inconsistent with a greater good,

"Reason commands to cast the *less* away:"

I then pursued the gentleman, though without any hopes of overtaking him, I had however one small consolation, which was that the turnpike, at two miles distance, would stop him in his career; that is, supposing he should keep in the road; but I was apprehensive the fields on either side would tempt him to stray to the right-hand or to the left, as there were no obstructions of fences or five bar gates to interrupt his progress; in the latter case, I must have given up all thoughts of recovering him, at least for the present, as he might have gone for many miles in the fields on either side in this open country, where I should have met no one, perhaps, to have assisted me in my pursuit; luckily,

kily, however, for me, he not only kept the road, but slackened his pace as soon as he had got sufficiently before me to admit of his stopping to graze at the side thereof; when the cunning creature had got at some distance from me, he would look back to see how far I was behind, and if I was at a good distance, would stop till I came nearly up; but when I made a spring to catch hold of the bridle, would gallop off again; he served me in this manner several times, until my strength and patience were nearly exhausted, the latter probably would have been quite, had I not recollected the maxim, which *Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece*, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, viz: "*Be master of your anger.*" And quickly after seeing two men at work in a field, at the side of the road to whom I called, and they fortunately succeeded in stopping it. Having satisfied them for their trouble, which did not require any great deal, and remounted my horse, I once more pursued my journey; but I must acknowledge that in spite of Mr. *Periander's* maxim, I could not help being a little chagrined at this accident, and shewing my displeasure by a stroke or two on the rump of my runaway gentleman, as well as by keeping him

pretty close to it, the remainder of my journey to make up for the time I had lost in pursuing him. One thing, however, soon put me into a better humour, which was, that when I arrived at the spot where I had thrown my great coat, contrary to my expectation, I found it still laying there with every thing in the pockets as I left them.

It was past one o'Clock, before I reached *Cambridge*, owing to this unlucky accident; and here I had like to have lost my horse again; I seem to have been more unfortunate in this last stage than any since I left *London*;—I was much struck with the appearance of *Cambridge*, it is a very large place, and there are a great number of colleges, though not so many, I believe, as there are at *Oxford*; and having determined to see a little of the place, and some of the colleges, before I left *Cambridge*, I put up my horse at an Inn, but very foolishly forgot to take cognizance of the sign, or even the street where that Inn was situated; the consequence of which was, that when I returned from a view of the town and colleges, I could not find it.

However, after walking through a number of streets, I at last recognized the Inn I had put up at, to my no small consolation, determining to be more careful for the future; it was market day

day at Cambridge, I therefore had an opportunity of being an eye-witness of that singular custom, which I alluded to in a former letter as existing in this place, of selling butter by the yard, instead of the pound, which is an absolute fact.

Having satisfied my curiosity at this place, and partook of a cold collation, if not so grand, perhaps, with as much satisfaction as the rich, I left Cambridge.—Being now within a very few miles of my friend's house, I kept an easy pace, and after a very pleasant ride arrived at *Arston*, the village where he dwells, at half past three o'clock—if I was struck with the appearance of *Cambridge*, I was now much more so at the rural prospect which here presented itself to my view; it is as pleasant a village, to my mind, as ever I saw; but I shall not attempt to describe the situation, for the reason I mentioned in a former letter. The happiness I experienced at having reached this place, was greatly damped by the disagreeable news that Miss H—— was gone from thence on a visit to *Barrington*, a village not many miles off, whither I should certainly have gone, had not Mr. C— persuaded me to defer it till this morning, when I should be more likely to meet with her; and I mean to set

set off there, as soon as I have dispatched this letter to you. Mr. C— gave me a cordial reception, and invited me to remain at his house, while I was at Arston; he had not a spare bed himself, but provided me a good one at a house near his, where I sleep: I drank tea and supped with Mr. and Mrs. C— yesterday, and last night I went to his meeting, he has a very pretty one; he called upon an husbandman to pray, and I was much charmed with the simplicity and piety with which he conducted himself on that occasion; he made as fine, though not so eloquent a prayer, as any of our capital preachers in *London* could. Every thing bids fair for spending my time very agreeably here, indeed, I dread the day when I shall be obliged to turn my horse's head towards *London*.

“ Oh! knew he but his happiness, of men

“ The happiest he, who far from public rage,

“ Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,

“ Drinks the pure pleasures of the *RURAL LIFE*.

“ Sure peace is his, a solid life, estrang'd

“ To disappointment, and fallacious hope:

“ Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,

“ In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the spring,

“ When heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough

“ When summer reddens, and when autumn beams;

“ Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies

“ Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:

“ These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,

Luxuriant

"Luxuriant spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 "Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 "And hum of Bees, inviting sleep sincere
 "Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 "Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 "Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 "Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear,
 "Here too dwells simple truth, plain innocence,
 "Unfilled beauty, sound unbroken youth,
 "Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 "Health ever blooming, unambitious toil,
 "Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

THOMPSON'S AUTUMN.

I am, thank God, in perfect health, which I
 attribute under him to my having travelled so
 much lately; nothing, I am persuaded, is bet-
 ter calculated than travelling to produce,

"A healthy body and a mind at ease."

The first, because it gives us plenty of exer-
 cise, which is acknowledged by all to be the great
 mean of health; the ancient were so clearly con-
 vinced of this, that they had a principle among
 themselves, *that acute diseases are from heaven, and*
chronicle, from ourselves; and the last, because,

"Human nature is fond of novelty."

The mind must have a quick succession of new
 objects to give it satisfaction, and this is to be
 met with in travelling, where there is a sufficient
 redun-

redundancy of matter to engage the attention, to captivate the heart and keep it in tune. In a former letter I gave you my opinion of happiness, and said that a part of it consisted in looking backward on former, and forward to future enjoyments; I told you the satisfaction I felt in looking forward to the enjoyments I expected to meet with at my uncle's, and I now can tell you that it affords me an equal one to look *back* on them; as the pleasures of anticipation are great, so are those which are derived from taking a retrospective view of our past pleasures; thus, as *Martial* says in one of his *Epigrams*,

“ The present joys of life we doubly taste

“ By looking back with pleasure on the past.”

If I have reason to complain of any thing, it is that I have not maintained that constant watchfulness over myself which I should have done, but have suffered the diversity of objects which have attracted my notice to divert my mind from the one thing needful, *Luke* x. 42. and by so doing have lost sight of God, and can see little but clouds; but, I trust, they will soon be dispersed; to that end, I will look unto the rock that is higher than I, *Psalms* lxi. 2. and I shall yet find God a very present help in time of need, *Psalms* xlii. 1. I have found him so hitherto, and
am

am convinced "he changeth not, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," *Hebrews* xiii. 8: "and is able to keep that which I have committed to his hands," *2 Tim.* i. 12. There is one thing that makes me happy, though I feel I come infinitely short of what I ought to be, which is, that in all my concerns, I do mean to please the deity: I have an habitual desire that, "whether I eat or drink or whatever I do, to do it all to the glory of God," *1 Cor.* x. 31. and I have no doubt but he will accept my sincere endeavours, even when they prove abortive: this is what supported *Socrates* in his dying moments, "Whether or no God will approve of my actions," said he, "I know not; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please him; and I have a good hope that this, my endeavour, will be accepted by him."—What a noble speech is this to come from the lips of an heathen, it surely would become the mouth of the most pious christian; and I do not wonder that *Erasmus*, who quotes it, and who was himself an unbigotted *roman-catholic*, should be so much transported with this passage of *Socrates*, as to say, that he could scarce forbear looking upon him as a saint, and desiring him to pray for him; or as that ingenious and learned author has expressed himself in

a much more lively manner, "When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I can scarce forbear crying out, *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis*, O! holy *Socrates*, pray for us."

I have not, as I said before, yet seen Miss H—, but I am now going to Barrington for that purpose; I am like all other lovers, full of hopes, my dream is still fresh in my memory, that part of it will, I hope, soon be fulfilled of my being in her company and having an interesting conversation with her; and, as the latter part of my dream is in my own power to fulfil, I shall avail myself of the opportunity to do it, by concluding this letter in the very words with which I concluded the ideal one in my dream, "And now, dear mother, having given you in this and my two former letters, a particular account of my journey from London to Wheeley, and from thence to this place, I conclude, by wishing you health and happiness till I have the pleasure of seeing you in London, and presenting to you the worthy Miss H—, of whom I may say in the language of the Spectator, "*You will easily find a worse woman; a better, the sun never shone upon.*"

I am, dear mother,

Your ever dutiful son,

J. H. PRINCE.

P. S. I mean to be at home on Monday or Tuesday, if nothing prevents.

LETTER VI.

To the CONDUCTOR of the TIMES.

SIR,

HAVING frequent occasion to travel many of the principal roads of England, I have often witnessed the exorbitant demands of Inn-keepers, and the no less serious ones of their domestics. Sanctioned only by custom, yet arisen to such a pitch as to become a burthen unable to be borne by the *poor tradesman*, who is obliged to travel to sell his goods, as well as an inconvenience to the person in *middling circumstances of life*, who for his health or otherwise has occasion to travel.—Grievances (the latter of which especially), are only suffered to exist from the disinclination people have to break through a custom, or to appear singular. Having hinted at the former, I shall only shew the nature, and point out a remedy for the latter. It is well known, that let an Inn-keeper's bill be ever so exorbitant, you must not only comply with

it, but also give his servants just as much as if it was reasonable; so that there is no end of the expence; for instance, if a man who has a horse, puts up at an inn, besides the usual bill, he must at least give 1s. to the waiter, 6d. to the chambermaid, 6d. to the ostler, and 6d. to the jackboot, making together 2s. 6d. and this to be repeated every night he lays on the road, (I speak now of what is expected from those who appear in middling circumstances of life). The same expence in proportion occurs in the course of the day; at breakfast, you must give at least 6d. between the waiter and ostler. If the traveller only puts up to have a refreshment, besides paying for his horse standing, he must give 3d. to the ostler; at dinner, 6d. to the waiter, and 3d. to the ostler; at tea, 6d. between them, so that he gives away in the day, 2s. 6d. which added to the 2s. 6d. for the night, makes 5s. per day on an average to servants. Thus he is putting his hand in his pocket from morning till night, not merely to satisfy the Landlord's demand, but to appease the croaking of domestics, who, it is well known, will let you see or feel their displeasure in some way or other if you do not; so that it is disagreeable to go to that inn the second time where you do not behave with profuseness

fasteness at the first; and there is not only the above inconvenience, but also this, that after all your givings they are not satisfied, but often abuse you for your liberality. The following anecdote proves this :

“ Coming home from Colchester some time since, I put up at an inn at Ingatestone; the Inn-keeper’s bill was as follows :—supper 1s. beer 3d. bed 1s. horse and corn 1s. 7d. together 3s. 10d. I gave away as follows : waiter 1s. chamber-maid 6d. Jack-boot 6d. ostler, the change out of 2s. I paid him for the horse, being 5d. together 2s. 5d. being 1s. 5d. less than the bill ; yet the ostler was so abusive, because I did not give him more than the odd 5d. change, that he actually threatened that he would mark me if I came there again. I therefore did, what I wish every one would do in the like case, punish him on the spot for his insolence. I appeared to relent that I had not given him more, and desired him to give me the halfpence again, that I might see for silver for him, which after he had done, I rode off, leaving him, to repent he had not kept what I first gave him. It may be alledged that these servants have little or no wages, and therefore ought to receive liberally. Be that as it may, it is very hard that I am to pay wages

wages to another man's servants. I pay the master his bill, in which he makes a charge sufficient to cover his servant's wages, and then he leaves me to pay his servants beside. If Inn-keepers have nothing to pay for servants, their charges ought to be reasonable in proportion. But I would meet another objection that is likely to be made, which is, that what is given to servants at inns, is not to be considered as wages, but as their perquisites. There are two answers to this, the one, that the very notion of perquisites signifies something gotten over and above the usual wages, whereas it is notorious, that most Inn-keepers allow their servants no wages; the other that perquisites signify a gift; now a gift is free, and may be much or little as suits the inclination of the giver; whereas according to the modern custom at inns, he is not permitted to use his discretion, but there must be a settled sum given to the servant, fixed as to the lowest quantum, though as much above the mark as he pleases; and if he gives less than custom warrants, they have the impudence to tell him of it. Besides, why should Inn-keepers be exempted from paying their servants wages, any more than other tradesmen? If I go into a shop to buy a few yards of any thing, I am not charged so much for the trouble of the shopman who cuts it off. Tradesmen are
contented

contented to pay their servants out of the profit of their bills, without saddling it upon their customers; and I am fully persuaded, were travellers of all descriptions to withhold for a certain time their usual gifts to servants at inns, it would ultimately tend to the benefit of those servants themselves, as well as the comfort of travellers; for when the servants found their finances so low, they would insist upon, and not hire themselves without stipulated wages; after which travellers might again resume their former generosity, and what they then gave would be looked upon in the light it ought, as a gift, and not a debt.

A CONSTANT READER,

The above letter was inserted in *The Times* of Saturday, *October 17, 1795*; and the following letter appeared in the same paper on Monday the 19th of that month:—I have not the pleasure of knowing the writer, but he seems to agree with me, as to the grievances which I point out, that they exist, that there wants a remedy, that the remedy I propose is an eligible one, but he entertains doubts of its practicability, “even if hand-bills of such intentions were distributed in every town:” I cannot see the impracticability of the remedy I propose, if travellers chose to unite in *opposing extortion and insolence,*

insolence, to use the words of this writer, though I am well aware, there are many difficulties that must attend the carrying it into execution; and I should have been much obliged to the writer of that letter, and so I think would *the public* too, if he had pointed out a better or any other remedy than what I have proposed, but that he has not done.

With respect to my *plan of reform*, I have in the foregoing letter pointed out the only remedy to cure this evil that I can think of, which is by an unanimous agreement among travellers, not to give the servants at inns, any thing till their masters are brought to allow them wages; but as this is thought impracticable, I conceive it to be my duty, and a debt which I owe the public to prove it is not so, and to explain in what way this plan of mine may be carried into execution:

First, To collect the sense of travellers upon this head, which may be easily done by an advertisement to be inserted in all the town and country papers, that all travellers and other persons concerned, are requested to attend at a meeting, intended to be held for the purpose of considering certain grievances which exist, and removing the impositions travellers are exposed to;

to; at which meeting, no doubt, many would attend, when resolutions might be drawn up of their determination not to give to servants at inns; and informing all persons travelling, that a book is open in some popular place for the signature of all those who are willing to join the association; and that those who could not attend themselves might send their names to the secretary. This being inserted in the papers would soon put an end to those inconveniences above complained of. But,

Secondly, As it may be asked who is to be at the expence of these advertisements? if there were ever such a few to begin this association, *they* might easily defray the first expences of advertisements; and those that afterwards came forward, could not think much of contributing their quantum towards it; and the small expence which would be incurred by individuals, would be made up by a saving of a much larger one to them, and an essential benefit to the public at large, who are nearly concerned in stopping the progress of imposition and extortion which would ultimately affect themselves.

The writer of the following letter, has pointed out several other species of imposition and fraud practised

practised upon travellers, which had either slipped my memory, or not come within my sphere of observation. He has, also, pointed out wherein the conduct of some travellers is very reprehensible, who are either very imperious in their behaviour, or else submit to be treated in the most indifferent and unhandsome manner both by Inn-keepers and their domestics, not considering that all who do not oppose extortion and insolence to the utmost of their power, are not only injuring themselves, but doing an injury to society. This gentleman is intitled to the thanks of his countrymen, and he has my thanks most sincerely, for coming forward and exposing the impositions that exist; and, I hope, our united endeavours will be of some avail at least to stop its progress if not totally to abolish this custom. As his letter tends to this end, and is but short, I have taken the liberty to, and hope that will be a sufficient excuse for giving it a place in this publication.

LETTER VII.

To the CONDUCTOR of the TIMES.

SIR,

THE subject of travelling expences stated by your *constant reader*, is in my opinion, amply worth general consideration.

To abolish the custom of giving something to Inn-keeper's servants, I think would now be impossible, even if hand-bills of such intentions were distributed in every town; *but to do it with discretion is now much wanted*, for to the vanity of appearing great in some, and the want of consideration in others, arises all the *inattention* and even *insolence*, with which people travelling are now treated by the *domestics* as well as *landlords*.

The behaviour of people at inns is also worthy notice, often a specimen of republican tyranny; many studying the most blustering and haughty mode of commanding impossible to be pleased; and on the contrary, some when improperly attended to, not taking any notice of the

defect. In posting, all humanity is lost, the post-boy is often obliged to drive his master's horses to death, or sometimes to lose his perquisites; and for those whom sensibility has any power over, to see those unhappy animals taken off a post-chaise, is a sight truly distressing.

To remedy the inconvenience now complained of, wants only public attention; and every individual who does not oppose extortion and insolence, is doing an injury to society:—There is now a custom attempting of charging 1s. for lodging, to those who also have a horse; I allow the profit of the horse is not equal to the lodging; but when supper and liquor and breakfast is included, and it is known that the chamber-maid furnishes the linen, it is improper, and when charged, nothing should be given to the chamber-maid.

In regard to travelling, I think the post-boy should have 1s. under 10 miles; and 1s. 6d. if the stage is longer: those who go post, and insist on being driven above 8 miles an hour, ought to pay 1s. 6d. per mile.

VIATOR.

IMMODE-

IMMODERATE GRIEF.

"Grief dejects and wrings the tortur'd soul."

ROSCOMMON.

"We should keep our passions from being exalted above
measure or servilely depressed."

TULLY.

THE government of our passions, of the number of which is *grief*, has been a subject on which the pens of many learned and ingenious men have been employed in most civilized countries and enlightened ages of the world. The great *Tully*, whose works have furnished the motto for this essay, frequently dwells upon the subject, and in this passage asserts the necessity of keeping our passions from being on the one hand exalted, or on the other servilely depressed. In another part of his works, he affirms that the man who cannot bear pain, let it arise from what it may, who is overwhelmed with grief, and dreads its approach, is incapable of atchieving any noble action. "What duty," says he, "will a man perform? what praise, what honor will he think worth purchasing at the expence

pence of his case who is persuaded that pain is the greatest of evils? and what ignominy, what baseness will he not submit to, in order to avoid pain if he has determined it to be the worst of misfortunes?" and *Horace* in his Ode to *Delius*, shews the impropriety of an extreme mirth or sorrow, in prosperity and adversity: he observes, "Loud mirth or *immoderate* sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die."

It is the characteristic of a wise man not to be over and above elated with prosperity, nor too much depressed with adversity; "in the day of prosperity he is joyful, but in the day of adversity he considers," *Eccles.* vii. 14. but he is not "swallowed up with over much sorrow." 2 *Cor.* vii. 7. "He that is wise," says the *Oeconomy of Human Life*, "meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand, under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight, and his constancy surmounts them; he considers that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man." Nothing can be more beautiful than this description of the wise man's conduct in adversity.

Reason

Reason and Philosophy, unassisted by revelation, teach a man to support the evils of life with equanimity; there cannot be a greater proof of this, than the story given us by *Tully*, who related it after *Pompey*, it is as follows: "When *Pompey* came to *Rhodes*, he had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher *Possidonius*; but finding him on his sick bed, he bewailed his misfortune that he could not hear a discourse from him; But you may, answered *Possidonius*; and immediately entered into the point of stoical philosophy, which says, *pain is not an evil*. During the discourse upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, Pain! pain! be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own that thou art an evil!" This is an exemplification of what an old poet has told us,

"The wise with hope support the pains of life."

EURIPIDES.

But, although, reason and philosophy may barely support a man under the evils of life, it cannot afford him such abundant comfort as the christian revelation holds out to him, that tells him afflictions come from a God of love, 1 John iv. latter clause of the 8th. verse, "who doth not afflict

afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men," Lam. iii. 33. That "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," Heb. xii. 6. and, therefore, that it is a mark of God's love. "As many as I love, I chasten," Rev. iii. 19. This revelation also tells us for what end we are chastened; "We are chastened of the Lord that we should not be condemned with the world," 1 Cor. xi. 32. and not only the benefit but blessing of such chastisement: "Blessed is the man that *endureth* temptation." which in this place means affliction; for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him, James i. 12. with many other passages that might be adduced; but these may suffice to shew the truth of what I have advanced; and an observation contained in *the Universal Mentor—Philosophy* teaches us to *endure* afflictions, but *Christianity* to *enjoy* them, by turning them into blessings.

In speaking of *immoderate grief* in this essay, I shall confine myself to consider, First, The causes of it.—Secondly, The nature of it.—Thirdly, The folly of it.—Fourthly, The cure of it—and conclude with a few general remarks upon the whole.

First,

First, The causes of it—The first and grand cause of *immoderate grief* is affliction, either in mind, body, or estate; the grief which arises from the first is the most poignant; “the soul,” as *Fielding* observes, “having this double unfortunate superiority to the body, that it’s agonies as they are more exquisite, so they are more lasting:” this, no doubt, is the reason that makes *Solomon* say, “The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity,” *i. e.* his natural infirmity of body, or afflictions from the loss of his estate; “but a wounded spirit who can bear?” *Prov.* xviii. 14. the two last are not inconsiderable either in nature or duration, though not to compare with the former.—I mention affliction first, because that is the immediate cause of grief, which must of course exist before it encreases to *immoderate grief*; the second cause of which is, that we do not prepare ourselves for, nor expect any kind of, trouble. “Prosperous people,” as the *Spectator* observes, “are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune: fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the disposer of all things;” or to speak in the language of inspiration, prosperous people both bad and good are too apt to say they shall not be moved, their

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mountain

mountain is so strong, *Psalms* xxx. 6, 7. "And in my prosperity I said, I shall not be moved; Lord, by thy favor thou hast made my mountain to stand strong." This is the reason that when troubles come, they are overwhelmed with grief, they are astonished and confounded as if some strange thing had happened, instead of its being a thing in course, which it certainly is, since "*Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward,*" Job. v. 7. and therefore "perils, and misfortunes, and wants, and pains, and injury, are more or less the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world," *Oeconomy of Human Life*, Part 1. Sect. 6. But when we view things in this light, we shall not so much wonder at our having troubles as at our escaping so many, and shall learn to measure our happiness by the small number of our afflictions; as two or three of the old Greek poets have taught us, who declare that

"That man is the most happy who is the least miserable."

A third cause, of *immoderate grief*, is our looking upon afflictions as greater evils than they really are.—If we enure ourselves to consider them in a dreadful light, we shall not only shrink at their approach, but give way to despondency
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under them—if we suppose, that to be afflicted is of consequence to be unhappy, we shall greatly err; for it is possible to be happy under the greatest afflictions, and they often are and have been attended with the greatest blessings, such as have constrained the once afflicted to say, “it is good for me that I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes; before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word,” *Psalms* cxix. 67, 71. What is said of death, the end of affliction, may be said of afflictions itself; it is no general evil, but on the contrary, in general, a very great good, if we believe the scriptures; since they declare that although, “no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby,” *Hebrews* xii. 11. and the ancient philosophers are none of them backward to acknowledge the utility of affliction; *Demetrius* and *Seneca*, in particular, shew us the benefit of it, and the misery instead of happiness of being exempt from it; the former says, “That nothing would be more unhappy than a man who had never known affliction;” and the latter, who quotes the above passage from *Demetrius*, says expressly that, “Adversity is not in itself an evil;” and compares prosperity to the indulgence of a fond

mother to a child, which often proves his ruin; but the perfection of the Deity to that of a wise parent, who would have his sons exercised with labour, disappointment and pain, that they may gather strength and improve their fortitude."—While *Plato* lays it down as a principle, "that whatever is permitted to befall a just man, whether poverty, sickness or any of those things which seem to be evils, shall either in life or death conduce to his good.

A fourth cause of *immoderate grief* is a weak mind, which as naturally sinks under trouble as a weak body does under a heavy load; to such minds, what some would call, small afflictions, are causes of *immoderate grief*, the same as a weak body is bowed down with a load that a strong one would carry with ease; this is a natural infirmity, and therefore more excusable than any other cause of *immoderate grief*, but it should not be given way to or indulged; we should accustom ourselves to that hardness which is as characteristic of a christian soldier, and for which the apostle Paul was eminently distinguished, who was above any other of the apostles; to use his own words, "in labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft;" and who, after being five times disciplined

disciplined with thirty-nine stripes by the Jews, three times beaten with rods, once stoned, three times shipwrecked; one of which times, I suppose it was, that he was a night and a day in the deep; "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils by the heathens, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea;" and what, perhaps, is worse than all, "in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness; besides those things that were without, that which came upon him daily;" and, which all ministers who have a similar charge know it is not a small thing, "the care of all the church," 2 Cor. xi. 23—28. could, and did say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God," Acts xx. 24. To faint under those trials, which are common to humanity is evidential of small strength, Proverbs xxiv. 10. "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small;" and it is a most absurd thing to expect to escape those evils which are common to human kind.—*Immoderate grief* favours

vours too much of cowardice, it shews we have not courage enough to encounter the difficulties of life, and cowardice produceth as great inconveniences in this as in any other case; the oeconomy of human life sets it forth, I think, in a very beautiful light, "the dastardly spirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to shame; by shrinking under poverty he stoopeth down to meanness, and by tamely bearing insults he inviteth injuries; as a reed is shaken with the breath of the air, so the *shadow* of evil maketh him tremble; in the hour of danger, he is embarrassed and confounded—in the day of misfortune he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul," *Œconomy of Human Life*, part 1, sect. 6. If it is so great a proof of a weak mind to shrink under the common troubles of life, it is far worse to see a christian cast down on account of spiritual trials and exercises, which it is very unreasonable in him to think of escaping if he means to get to heaven; since the word of God assures us, "that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God," *Acts* xiv. 22. and therefore he should live in continual expectation of trials, both from the world, the flesh, and the devil; and he should fortify himself with some such considerations as are contained in the following lines:

"Am

" Am I a soldier of the cross,

" A follower of the Lamb ;

" And shall I fear to suffer loss,

" Or blush to own his name?

" Must I be carried to the skies,

" On flowery beds of ease,

" Whilst others *fight* to win the prize,

" And sail through bloody seas?

" Sure I must fight, if I would reign,

" Increase my courage, Lord ;

" I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,

" Supported by thy word."

I shall mention no more of the many causes of *immoderate grief*, but proceed to shew the nature of it. "To grieve," says Dr. Johnson, "is to be in pain for something past, to mourn, to sorrow, as for the death of friends," &c. It is the nature of grief, and especially of *immoderate grief*, to cast down the soul, to unfit it for the offices of life, and to make that life insipid to it: "By sorrow of the heart," says Solomon, "the spirit is broken," *Prov. xv. 13.*—It is the nature of *immoderate grief* also to destroy the body: how many excellent constitutions have been ruined by the pernicious effects of immoderate sorrow? it preys upon the vitals, and is the cause of numberless disorders in the human frame; were it not so, we should not so frequently

quently read as we do in the public prints, of the premature deaths of a great number of our fellow creatures, who we are told, *died with broken hearts*; and of many more who were led to put a period to their present existence, owing to the excessive *immoderate grief* which they laboured under, occasioned by some recent misfortune—it is the nature of immoderate grief to produce even lunacy, the forerunner of those desperate attempts; but I shall not enlarge upon these things here, as I mean to dwell upon them more particularly under another head—I shall therefore proceed to shew,

Thirdly, The folly and danger of *immoderate grief*; and here I might enter into a large field, but I am not writing a treatise, but an essay on the subject, I shall not descend to a minute investigation of every particular, but confine myself to distinguish the most prominent features thereof.

In the first place then, The folly of *immoderate grief*, I mean that which is caused by adversity, will appear, if we consider that we are lamenting the absence of what would do us harm, and the presence of what will do us the greatest good, if we do not wilfully cross the design of God in sending it. “Prosperity,” says Seneca, “very much obstructs

obstructs the knowledge of ourselves," and a certain poet of our own, has told us that this knowledge is antecedent to any other:

"Man, know thyself, all knowledge centers there."

The wisest of men in all ages have admitted the necessity of this knowledge; *Pontanus*, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, was so deeply convinced of it, that he has recommended it from his tomb; the English translation of which reads thus, "I am *Pontanus*, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth and dignified by the monarchs of the world—thou knowest now who I am, or more properly, who I was. For thee, stranger, I who am in darkness cannot know thee, but I intreat thee to *know thyself*. If the knowledge of ourselves is of such great utility and concentrates all knowledge, as Mr. Pope has informed us,

"All our knowledge is ourselves to know,"

surely any thing that has a tendency to begot this knowledge, ought to be highly valuable to us, and it is *the greatest folly* to reject and look upon it as an evil; besides, adversity not only has a tendency to make us acquainted with ourselves, but also gives us a knowledge almost as useful

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of the world; and I will quote the same philosopher in support of my opinion, "He that never was acquainted with adversity," says *Seneca*, "has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature:" And to adduce a more modern authority for this sentiment, Dr. Johnson in the third volume of his *Rambler* observes, "As no man can enjoy happiness without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune, for the good of our present state is merely comparative; and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harass him if he does not know how much he escapes; the lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies, the lights of a picture are created by the shades."—Afflictions then, so far from being evils, are really blessings; nay, the contemplation of them, if we may believe *an old philosopher*, serves as an antidote against one of the great disturbers of our happiness, for such Dr. Johnson accounts our *desires*. "Think," says *Epictetus*, "frequently on poverty, banishment, and death, and thou wilt never indulge violent desires, or give up thy heart to mean sentiments." If we thus view afflictions in a proper light, shall we not conclude in the language of inspiration
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and say, "Behold, *happy* is the man whom God correcteth," *Job* v. 17. and admit the beauty and force of Solomon's exhortation, "My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of his correction, for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth," *Prov.* iii. 11, 12.

Secondly, The *folly of immoderate grief* will appear if we consider that it is of no avail if we fret till our heart-strings break, or we drive ourselves to desperation, it cannot reverse fortune; this makes it such egregious *folly* to give way to it—If it would bring back our property, if it was a certain cure for the disorders we labour under, if it was an antidote to the disquietude of our mind: or with respect to that *immoderate grief* which is caused by the loss of our relatives or particular friends; if sorrow could mend our case, if we could wash back our friends with our tears, or waft them back with our sighs and lamentations, we might then with propriety indulge them; it would even be praiseworthy so to do, and if we were to judge from the conduct of some people, we must naturally conclude that their griefs were meant to produce these effects; but as we know they cannot, we shall not hesitate to pronounce *immoderate grief* highly repre-

hensible—we should look upon it, as Mr. Fielding observes, “As a foolish, mean-spiritedness in a criminal to blubber to his judge when he knows he shall not prevail by it; and it is natural to admire those more who meet their fate with a decent constancy and resignation. Were the sentences of fate capable of remission, could our sorrows or sufferings restore our friends to us? I would commend him who out did the fabled *Niobe* in weeping; but since no such event is to be expected; since *from that Bourn no traveller returns*, surely it is the part of a wise man to bring himself to be content in a situation which no wit or wisdom, labour or art, trouble or pain, can alter.” Fielding’s Works, 8vo. vol. vi. page 527.

Thirdly, *The folly of immoderate grief*, will further appear, from considering that while we indulge it, we indulge what militates against our happiness more than any thing whatever, it is impossible to enjoy our existence whilst we give way to the excess of this passion. Dr. Johnson ranks grief among the great disturbers of our happiness, he says, in the first volume of his *Rambler*, page 101, “*The great disturbers of our happiness in this world are our desires, our griefs, and our fears*,” the latter of which as well as de-
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jection, paleness, care and anguish, are the necessary attendants on immoderate grief. It is, surely then, the greatest folly to give place to a thing that will be a compleat bar to our happiness, for we act contrary to nature in so doing, since providence has implanted in all of us a desire of happiness, which serves as a stimulus to great and worthy actions; nature teaches us to shun what will give us pain, and to seek what will give us present and secure us future pleasure; there cannot be a greater violence, therefore, offered to her, than by giving encouragement to excess of this passion. If there were no other proofs of the folly of it, one would think this would be sufficient to shame any reasonable person out of it, and to induce them to exert their endeavours to stem the mighty torrent before they are carried down it into the abyss of black despair to which it certainly leads. But,

Fourthly, Another proof of *the folly and danger of immoderate grief* is, that it tends to the destruction of both body and soul; and here I must necessarily enter into some of the arguments that I have made use of upon another occasion, the subjects being so closely connected, though essentially different, that the arguments for one are arguments for the other. *Immoderate grief,*
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whether it be considered in a physical, moral or comparative light, is a most pernicious passion; it is, perhaps, the most dangerous passion when given way to, though the arch-bishop of Cambray has given the preference to *love*, which he thinks to be more dangerous than all the rest of the passions, and than all the dangers of the ocean put together, though upon what ground I do not know, unless it be that *love* is the cause, or rather one of the many causes of grief, and therefore, must be greater, according to the hypothesis of some, than the effect which it produces; namely, grief: the passage I allude to, in the works of this celebrated writer, Francis Salignae de la Mothe-Fenelon, Arch-bishop of Cambray, has in his *Adventures of Telemachus*, where he makes Telemachus, after escaping from the Island of Calypso, address Mentor as follows: "I fear, now, neither the sea, the winds, nor the storm, I only am afraid of my own passions; but of all passions *love* is more dangerous than a thousand wrecks," *Adventures of Telemachus* 12mo. part 2d. page 80. it is necessary for me to say I give this quotation from an old translation, because in a modern one by Percival Proctor, M. A. it runs very different; so much so, that one should scarcely think it was translated from the

the same original; and I shall give it the reader that he may see what little reason we have to expect to get at the genuine meaning of an author, whose works are so variously translated into our language.—In Proctor's *Adventures of Telemachus*, 8vo. vol. I. page 178. printed for the translator, and sold by G. Kearsly, Fleet-street, 1774.—Telemachus is made to address Mentor on the same occasion, thus: "I now fear neither seas nor tempests, I apprehend danger, only from my passions; love alone is more to be dreaded, than all the calamities of shipwreck." Now I contend that the meaning of the author is *essentially* altered in one of these translations, and consequently done great violence to; the first conveys the idea that love, of all passions, is the most dangerous; the last, that it is dangerous, and more dangerous than seas, tempests, and all the horrors of shipwreck; but no comparison is made between that and other passions: the words, "of all passions love is more dangerous," &c. being left out, and none substituted that can convey any such meaning, I do not know that I express myself clear enough to make the reader understand the distinction, which I wish to point out between these two translations; but I mean to say, that the passion
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of *love* is considered comparatively in the former and not so in the latter, so that we cannot tell (unless we were proficient in the French language, and of course knew which of these translations came nearest to the original) whether the arch-bishop means to say merely that *love* is a strong passion, or that *love* of all passions, as the first translation gives it us, is more dangerous than any other, and than "all the calamities of shipwreck;" but as I collected, what I conceived to be, the author's opinion from an old translation, I thought it necessary to apprise my reader of it, lest Proctor should fall into his hands, and he should think I had not quoted it fairly, but in a way to support my assertion of the arch-bishop's opinion, which he might very justly suppose, if he conceived my quotation to be taken from Proctor; and this, I hope, will be admitted as a sufficient excuse for my making this long digression.

If we consider *immoderate grief* in a physical view as to its connexion with and influence on the body, we shall find it produces the most pernicious effects, it tends directly to sap the foundation of the human frame; nothing is more delicate than the texture of the body, it
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has been with great propriety, I think, compared to a watch; as in the latter, so in the former, if one part is out of order it affects the whole, and the corresponding parts of the former have such influence on each other, that if any one of those parts receives the least hurt it communicates a painful sensation to all the rest, so that there is a continual sympathy maintained throughout the human frame; and, what is more wonderful, if the most distant part or member of the body is injured, such as the end of the finger or toe, it communicates pain to the brain; how this is effected is really curious, and is rationally accounted for by anatomists; they tell us that sensation is effected in this manner, "All the organs consist of little filaments, or nerves, which have their origin in the middle of the brain, which are thence diffused throughout all the members which have any sense, and terminate in the exterior parts of the body; that when we are in health and awake, one end of these nerves cannot be agitated or shaken without shaking the other, because they are always stretched and resemble an extended cord, a part of which cannot be touched without a motion of the whole."—They say, moreover, for the differtation is curious, "that these nerves may be agitated two ways, either at the end out of the brain,

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has been with great propriety, I think, compared to a watch; as in the latter, so in the former, if one part is out of order it affects the whole, and the corresponding parts of the former have such influence on each other, that if any one of those parts receives the least hurt, it communicates a painful sensation to all the rest, so that there is a continual sympathy maintained throughoat the human frame; and, what is more wonderful, if the most distant part or member of the body is injured, such as the end of the finger or toe, it communicates pain to the brain; how this is effected is really curious, and is rationally accounted for by anatomists; they tell us that sensation is effected in this manner, "All the organs consist of little filaments, or nerves, which have their origin in the middle of the brain, which are thence diffused throughout all the members which have any sense, and terminate in the exterior parts of the body; that when we are in health and awake, one end of these nerves cannot be agitated or shaken without shaking the other, because they are always stretched and resemble an extended cord, a part of which cannot be touched without a motion of the whole."—They say, moreover, for the differtation is curious, "that these nerves may be agitated two ways, either at the end out of the brain,

or at the end in the brain—If they be agitated from without by the action of objects, and their agitation be not communicated as far as the brain, as frequently happens in sleep when the nerves are in a state of relaxation, the soul does not then receive any new sensation.—But if the nerves happen to be agitated in the brain by the flux of the animal spirits or any other cause, the soul perceives something, though the parts of those nerves that are out of the brain, diffused through the several parts of the body, remain at perfect rest; as is also frequently the case in sleep.—Experience, they say, tells us we may sometimes feel pain, as it were in the parts of the body that have been entirely cut off, on account of the fibres in the brain corresponding to them; being agitated in the same manner, as if they were really hurt, the soul feels a real pain in those imaginary parts; all these things they say seem to shew, that the soul resides immediately in that part of the brain wherein the nerves of all the organs of sense terminate; we mean that it is there that it perceives all the changes that happen with regard to the objects that cause them, and that it only perceives what passes out of this part by the mediation of the fibres terminating in it. These things being premised, (they say,)

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it will not be difficult to explain how sensation is performed. The manner thereof may be conceived from what follows: When the point of a needle, for instance is thrust against the hand, that point stirs and separates the fibres of the flesh, which fibres are extended from that place to the brain, and when we are awake are in such a degree of tension, as that they cannot be stirred without shaking those of the brain; if then the motion of the fibres of the hand be gentle, that of the fibres of the brain will be so too; and if the first be violent enough to break any thing in the hand, the latter will be stronger and violent in proportion. The mind (they say) resides principally in that part of the brain where all the fibres of the nerves terminate—it attends here as its sensory or office, to look to the preservation of all that happens; it is here advertised of all the changes that accrue, and consequently is able to distinguish between those that are agreeable to the constitution of the body and those that are prejudicial: Thus, (they say,) that though all the changes in our fibres do in reality consist in motions, which ordinarily differ only as to more or less, it is necessary that the soul should consider them as changes essentially different; for though in themselves they differ but very little, yet with regard to the preservation of the body, they are

to be looked upon as essentially different. The motion, for instance, which causes pain, frequently differs exceeding little from that which occasions a pleasing titillation. It is not necessary, there should be an essential difference between these two motions; it is necessary only that there be an essential difference between the pain and the tickling which these two motions occasion in the soul; for the agitation of the fibres which accompanies titillation informs the soul of the good state of the body, that it is able to resist the impressions of the objects, and that it need not apprehend an injury; but the motion which occasions pain, (being somewhat more violent, is capable of breaking some of the fibres of the body; wherefore it is necessary the soul be advertised hereof by some disagreeable sensation, that it may provide against it, and the truth of these observations may be perceived in copulation; if a young man is at the time in perfect health, and has been a stranger to intemperance and disease, the titillation will be so exquisitely pleasing as scarce to be distinguished from pain. Those fibres, which are in conjunction with the parts of generation, before they have been much used, are exceedingly susceptible of alteration from any external motion; these fibres have an

instantaneous effect upon those little filaments or nerves which originate from the middle of the brain which with an unusual extacy receives the thrilling communication—the soul is then transported in a manner that beggars description, till it becomes frantic with pleasure: at last, it almost begins to doubt whether it should not exert its superintendant authority, and oblige its slaves, the fibres and nerves, to repel the encroachments of so extraordinary a visitor, whom it scarcely knows whether to look upon in the light of a friend or foe, when it is bewildered in this voluptuous and dubious fluttering, and has a distant idea of being threatened with pain;—the fibres which are most contiguous to the Vasa Seminalia; or, Repository of the sperm, find a relaxation by those vessels being eased from their load, which they immediately communicate to the fibres of the brain which were upon the rack of joy, it is then that the soul feels a languid but luxurious melancholy; this is occasioned by the sudden relaxation of the fibres which were before on an extreme tension: thus, though all the motions which pass in the body only differ in themselves as to more or less; yet when considered with regard to the preservation of life, they may be said to be essentially different.—In effect,

effect, (they say) from a strict examination of the several senses, it appears that sensible objects act no otherwise upon the body for the producing of sensation than by exciting a change in the extreme surface of the fibres of the nerves; the quality of which change depends on the figure, bulk, hardness and motion of the object; so that according to all appearance, the most different objects which should agree in these four circumstances, would produce the same sensation. From the various texture of the objects, the diversity of the nerve afflicted, the different fabric of the organ of sense, the different place in the medulla of the brain where the nerve arises, and the different degree of motion wherewith the action of the object is applied, arise various sensations and ideas in the mind, none of which represent any thing in the action of the object, or in the passion of the organ; and yet the same action of the same object on the same organ, produces the same sensation, or idea; and the same ideas necessarily follow the same disposition of the same sensible organ, in the same manner as if the idea perceived were the natural and necessary effect of the action on the organ."

This is the curious manner by which sensation is performed in man from external causes, and this account of it seems to me as rational and plain as

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the nature of it will admit; I cannot however, vouch for the justness of the hypothesis therein maintained, as I do not pretend to much knowledge, either in anatomy or metaphysics; but this statement appears as obvious and as free from technical terms as any in the same compass, and therefore better calculated to inform the judgment without puzzling the understanding; for this reason, I make no doubt, but it will be acceptable to my readers; especially as it is not altogether without entertainment as well as instruction: from this view of the human fabric we may see the connection of each part with the whole, and the truth of the apostle's assertion respecting the members of the body, that although they are many and as diversified as numerous, they are each, whether feeble or strong, comely or uncomely, honourable or otherwise, equally useful and necessary, and each equally dependant on one another, so that one cannot do or suffer without the other, see 1 Cor. xii. 14—26. (both inclusive) too long to quote here, but the two latter verses respecting the sympathy of the members with and care for each other, I shall transcribe, as they receive an illustration from the foregoing account of the performance of sensation; the apostle having set forth the harmony

mony of the body, goes on to tell us such harmony exists, "that there should be no selfishness in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another; and whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

But it will, perhaps, be asked, "What has all this to do with the subject of *immoderate grief*?" I answer, "It has a great deal to do with it;" and so, I trust, I shall make it appear by some subsequent remarks; no one who reads with attention, and candidly considers the observations contained in the foregoing philosophical account of sensation as it appears in man from external causes, but what must I think, admit that the *passions* have great influence over the human frame, and that a particular agitation of the fibres of the body from any one or more of the causes before mentioned, has a tendency not only to cause a particular sensation either of pleasure or pain, according to the nature of the object which causes that agitation and the degree of violence by which it is caused, which if small will produce titillation or pleasure; but if great, will produce pain; but also certain passions, as love, hatred, &c. for instance, it is affirmed by

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metaphysicians, "that in man a particular agitation of the fibres of the brain is accompanied with a sensation of heat, and that a certain flux of animal spirits towards the heart and viscera, is followed by love or hatred." From this view of the matter, we see the connection there is between body and soul, and the mutual influence they have over, as well as dependance on, each other.

As all the passions then have an influence over the body, they of course affect it as they are more or less given way to; that they do affect the body is extremely clear from many examples that occur: we read in the public prints, sometimes of people's dying through excess of *anger*, that is excess of passion, as well as through excess of grief; and the passion of *fear*, it is well known has been the means of death in many, while even that of *joy* has not been without its victims.—History (and, perhaps, our own experience) having furnished us with instances of the death of individuals through an excess of that passion:—Anger perhaps is the most violent, but *grief* is no less to be dreaded as dangerous to the constitution; the latter saps the foundation of human nature, and by slow and imperceptible degrees, occasions the ruin of the whole fabric; it destroys

the animal spirits, it changes the whole mass of blood, it causes innumerable disorders in the body; and among the rest *dropfy*, perhaps, often owes its origin to it: as a proof of this, we have only to observe, that persons, however strong in constitution, perfect in health, &c. who give up themselves to *immoderate grief*, will in a very short space of time bring themselves as it were to death's door; we have most of us seen instances of it in the course of our connexions. Its baneful influence reaches even to the soul, whose faculties are thereby greatly impaired: ask any that have been in the habit of fretting, and they will tell you (if they tell you the truth) that that pernicious practice has loaded their body with infirmities, depressed their spirits to melancholy, and injured the faculties of their souls, especially that of *memory*, which make them drag on a miserable existence; but if they do not admit this, we have but to look in their countenance and attend to their conversation for an exemplification of the truth of these observations.—I cannot help here mentioning the case of a young lady, an acquaintance of mine, who through *immoderate grief*, occasioned by the sudden death of her lover, brought herself into a situation similar to what I have described; she continues to this day, altho' it is five years since his death, a slave

to this passion, experiencing all the ill effects naturally arising from it, and is likely to remain under its influence till she becomes a martyr to it.

Thus, I have briefly shewn and illustrated it with an anecdote; for the truth of which, I can vouch, that *immoderate grief* tends to, and will certainly sooner or later, if indulged, destroy the body; and surely that should be a sufficient consideration to induce us to resist its rapid progress, which unless we do will carry us down its stream with the greatest volacery.

“ So the boar’s brawny crew the current stem,

“ And slow advancing struggle with the stream :

“ But if they slack their hands, or cease to strive,

“ Then down the flood with headlong haste they drive.”

— DRYDEN.

But I come, in the next place, to consider the influence that *immoderate grief* has over the *soul*, and its consequent tendency to destroy that also: we may first observe, that the close connexion there is between the body and soul, makes it extremely clear, that what affects the one must ultimately affect the other. *Mr. Blair*, in his admirable and celebrated poem, called *The Grave*, files them,

“ Fond couple, link’d more close than wedded pair.”

A very just comparison, for as the latter partake of each others joys and griefs, as it is impossible to injure a man without injuring his wife, and vice versa, so the former do as truly sympathize with and partake of each others feelings, whether of a comfortable or uncomfortable nature:— I might here shew the tendency which some particular disorders have to impair the faculties of the soul, some injuring one faculty and some another; though there is one disorder which we all know, compleats the ruin of the whole together, destroys, or renders all our faculties useless while it continues: the disorder, I allude to, is *madness*; and I might also, to make it more plain, shew in what manner an injury done to the soul or any of the faculties thereof, affects the body:—The soul I believe to be a substance, a vital, spiritual, and immortal substance; a substance endued with understanding, will, affections, and an inclination to the body. (I only give this definition to explain what I mean by the faculties of the soul) I am well aware that this definition of the soul of man will be objected to, by numbers in this day; but those are my ideas of it, others are at liberty to think for themselves; this much, however, I will be bold to say with the celebrated *Sterne*, "I am positive I have a soul: nor can all the books with which materialists

materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me of the contrary; and I am also as positive that this soul is immortal; for, as Mr Addison says in his Tragedy of *Cato*, which is one of the finest that ever was written.

"It must be so——

"Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

"This longing after immortality?

"Or whence this secret dread and inward horror

"Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul

"Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

"'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

"'Tis heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,

"And intimates eternity to man:

"Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

"Thro' what variety of untry'd being,

"Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass!

"The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,

"But shadows, clouds, and darkness overwhelm it.—

"The soul, secure in her existence, smiles

"At the drawn dagger, and defies its point;

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

"Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;

"But thou shalt flourish in immortal bloom,

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,

"The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds."

I say, I might here enter fully into those matters, but the recollection of what I before hinted, that I am writing an essay and not a treatise, restrains me from it; but immoderate grief, not only destroys the soul through the medium

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of the body, but makes direct attacks upon it for that purpose.—It makes us dissatisfied with our existence, and causes us to arraign the justice of God for bringing us into being to suffer what we do, which makes us too apt to adopt the language of Job as contained in the third chapter of the book that bears his name, the whole of which is fraught with invectives against the day of his birth, murmuring, discontent, peevishness, ill-nature, and moroseness, which have a tendency to make us entertain hard thoughts of God, leave his service, and return to the practices of vice: which *as christians*, we must admit leads to the destruction of the soul, as well as body: the way that sinners walk in is emphatically filed by our Lord, *Matthew vii. 15*, "The way that leads to destruction:" and Job tells us with respect to the wicked, *Job xviii. 12*, "Destruction is ready at his side;" than which nothing can be more dreaded by a good man, *Job xxxi. 23*. he also tells us chap *xxi. 30*, "That the wicked is reserved to the day of destruction; they shall be brought forth to the day of wrath." And again chap. *xxix. 30*, "Is not destruction to the wicked, and a strange punishment to the workers of iniquity?" *Solomon* also informs us in two places of the book of *Proverbs*, namely, chap. *ix. 29*, and *xxi. 15*, that "destruction shall

be to the workers of iniquity." It would be almost endless, as well as needless, to point out the many passages in the sacred word of God where destruction is said to be the portion of the wicked; that is, of those who do not amend their lives before they die; those that I have adduced from *Job* and *Solomon*, may shew us how often the same writers repeat this truth to convince us that it is a very weighty one. — No one, I believe, doubts in reality; though if we were to judge from the conduct of the majority of mankind, we should be led to think that they all doubted it; that the practice of vice leads to the destruction of the soul, and no one, I think, can doubt but these sentiments which *immoderate grief* tends to inspire us with, are calculated to degenerate our souls, to hurry us into the commission of sin, and consequently to destroy them.

I hinted in a former part of this essay, that *immoderate grief* had a natural tendency to produce *insanity*, which too often leads to the destruction of the body: and here I cannot help saying that I believe *immoderate grief* too, too often leads to *felo de se*, which of all crimes appears to me the most malignant, and the most likely to ensure the destruction of the soul. — I cannot help viewing self-murder in the light
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that *Mr Blair* does, who in the celebrated poem I have before mentioned, exclaims against it thus:

"Self-murder! name it not—our island's shame,

"That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.

"Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,

"Self-preservation, fall by her own act!

"Forbid it, heaven! let not upon disgust

"The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er

"With blood of his own lord. Dreadful attempt!

"Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage

"To rush into the presence of our Judge!

"As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,

"And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard of tortures

"Must be reserved for such: these herd together;

"The common damn'd shun their society,

"And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.

"Our time is fix'd, and all our days are numbered;

"How long, how short we know not: this we know,

"Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,

"Nor dare to stir till heav'n shall give permission:

"Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,

"And wait th' appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.

"Those only are the brave, who keep their ground,

"And keep it to the last: To run away

"Is but a coward's trick: to run away

"From this world's ills, that at the very worst

"Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves

"By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,

"And plunging headlong in the dark;—'tis mad;

"No frenzy half so desperate as this.

I am not borne down by the common opinion that none who are sane, can possibly violate the first law of nature, that they must first be divest-

ed of that, which distinguishes man from the brute creation, before they can lay violent hands upon themselves; for it is evident, that numbers who have violated this law, have had previous to, and directly before, every mark of sanity about them.—I do wish indeed, for the honor of human nature, that the above position were true; but I am sorry to say, that history and, perhaps, our own observation, have furnished us with instances to the contrary.

Fourthly and Lastly, I am to endeavour to point out the cure of *immoderate grief*—some have doubted whether there be any cure for it, or for any of the disorders of the mind; but as *Cicero* observes, it would be strange if there were not; whilst there are so many excellent remedies for the several diseases of the body, are we to suppose the mind is left without any assistance to counteract the disorders that befall it? certainly not. Philosophy, says he, is a certain and infallible cure for all the perturbations which are liable to affect this noble part of man: *Seneca* also tells us, that virtue or philosophy, which are synonymous terms with the ancients, is sufficient to subdue all our passions, and of course this one of *grief*; yes, it was this virtue or philosophy which strengthened the mind of a *Socrates*, a *Brutus*, and many other of the noble heathens.

Perhaps, it may be deemed a bold attempt in one of my mean capacity, to point out the cure of so dreadful an evil, and some may be ready to prognosticate my failure in it; but, what if I should fail in shewing a perfect cure, if I can only produce a lenient for this dreadful disorder which shall tend to mitigate the evils arising from it, surely it will not be altogether in vain my writing, neither will the reader's time be entirely thrown away in reading this essay.

It is observed by the judicious Mr. Fielding, that he who could reduce the torments of the gout, to one half or a third of the pain, would be a physician in much vogue and request; and surely some palliative remedies are as much worth our seeking in the mental disorder, especially as this latter exceeds the former in its anguish an hundred-fold.

Some have recommended diversions of the lightest kind, and other incentives to mirth, as a remedy for this disease of the mind; but that it is a remedy both unsuitable and useless, will, I believe, be admitted by those who have tried it; for what relish can souls who are bowed down with sorrow have for entertainments? those who can relish them before their grief is in a great measure

measure subsided, prove beyond a contradiction that it was never very pungent: if ever mirth is out of season, it must be so in the house and hour of mourning, and if we may believe the Spectator in such case, so far from being a good,

“ Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.”

I mentioned in a former part of this essay, that one cause of *immoderate grief*, was the not accustoming ourselves to expect troubles, and I now affirm as a necessary consequence that one certain cure of immoderate grief is frequently to contemplate the approach of trials before they actually arrive; I do not mean as the old phrase is, to meet troubles half way, but to consider that troubles are the inevitable portion of man, that as we cannot escape many, it is our business to realize them and fortify our minds before hand with arguments to support us under them when they visit us. There is one kind of calamity which none of us scarcely can hope to escape, namely, the death of our relatives, a stroke which no one can miss but by his own death; and yet, how unprepared are we in general to meet this event! one should think by the conduct of many, that they had looked upon their relatives to be immortal, they are so surprized at their

their decease:—it is the characteristic of a wise man that nothing befalls him altogether unforeseen and unexpected, and this, in a manner, takes his happiness or misery out of the hands of fortune: pleasure or pain (as a celebrated author says) which seize us unprepared and by surprize, have a double force, and are both more capable of subduing the mind, than when they come upon us looking for them, and prepared to receive them; that pleasure is heightened by long expectation (says this author) appears to me a great though vulgar error—the mind by constant premeditation on either, lessens the sweetness of the one and bitterness of the other: It hath been well said of lovers, who for a long time procrastinate and delay their happiness, that they have loved themselves out before they come to the actual enjoyment; this is as true in the more ungrateful article of affliction. The objects of our passion, as well as of our appetites, may be in a great measure devoured by imagination; and grief, like hunger, may be so palled and abated by expectation, that it may retain no sharpness when its food is set before it—this is the first remedy I would recommend by way of preparative.

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The second remedy by way of preparative, is to take care not to be too much elated with prosperity or blessings of any kind—he that is over and above exalted with the blessings of this life, will be found in general the most cast down and depressed under the troubles that succeed, in proportion as we can bear the one we can the other; for this reason, there is nothing we should more strive to attain than equanimity, this virtue, for I think it deserves that name, is the only thing that can keep us on an equal poize in those two very opposite states of prosperity and adversity.—That is a noble thought to restrain us from excessive joy and immoderate sorrow, that there is nothing to be met with in this world worthy of either; no good so transporting, or evil so severe, as should raise us far above or sink us much beneath the balance of moderation:—there is another consideration that may serve to restrain or prevent immoderate joy or grief, which is, that neither the one or the other can alter the nature of things which are totally beyond our care. The poet *Dryden*, in his fables, has recommended equanimity to us upon this score in the following beautiful lines:

“ With equal mind what happens, let us bear,

“ Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.”

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The want of equanimity is natural to man, very few can bear with evenness of mind and composure the various changes, both of a pleasant and unpleasant nature to which they are liable in this state of human nature. Men of the greatest genius who have excelled in many other particulars, have come short in this, they have lacked that ingredient which is undoubtedly necessary to constitute their happiness: I shall illustrate this observation with a remark on the life of Dr. Parnell, the ingenious author of the *Hermit* (and many other pieces) universally celebrated; though the thoughts in it are not supposed to be original, but according to Pope, the story therein inserted to account for the mysterious ways of providence, "was written originally in Spanish, whence probably Howell translated it into prose, and inserted it in one of his letters;" but Goldsmith thinks it was originally of Arabian invention, and affirms that it is to be found verbatim in Dr. Henry More's *Dialogues*. Dr. Goldsmith when speaking of the private character of Parnell, whose life he compiled, says, "He wanted that evenness of disposition which bears disappointment with phlegm, and joy with indifference; he was ever very much elated or depressed, and his whole life

life spent in agony or rapture," see *Life of Thomas Parnell, D. D.* by Dr. Goldsmith, 8vo. page 7. this striking description of the failings of so great a man whilst it fills us with pity, shews us the necessity of guarding against it in ourselves.

It must be confessed that it is no easy task, though thank God, it is a practicable one, to maintain a proper equilibrium both in prosperity and adversity; but it is, I believe, universally admitted to be much easier to maintain it in the latter case than the former—To bear adversity well is difficult (says the *Œconomy of Human Life*) but to be temperate in prosperity is the height of wisdom: Behold prosperity how sweetly she flattereth thee: how insensibly she robbeth thee of thy strength and thy vigor, though thou hast been constant in ill fortune, though thou hast been invincible in distress, yet by her thou art conquered, not knowing that thy strength returneth not again, and yet that thou again mayest need it;" and it is observed with great propriety by a writer of the present day, that "prosperity tries our strength much better than adversity; we faint sooner with heat than cold." The truth of which observation and of those which precede it, may convince us of the necessity of the following advice, which I humbly present to my readers, "Let not prosperi-

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by elate thine heart above measure, neither depress thy soul to the grave, because fortune beareth hard against thee; her smiles are not stable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them; her frowns endure not for ever; therefore let hope teach thee patience." *CEconomy of Human Life, part ii. book 5. to which I shall add the following from the Spectator;*

"Be calm, my Delia, and serene,

"However fortune change the scene,

"In thy most dejected state,

"Sink not underneath the weight;

"Nor yet when happy days begin,

"And the full tide comes rolling in;

"Let a fierce unruly joy,

"The settled quiet of the mind destroy."

The third remedy which I would recommend for immoderate grief, is to cultivate the virtue of *patience*; though the evils of life be great they may be rendered more tolerable by the exercise of this noble virtue; when we consider that they are unavoidable it is surely a point of wisdom to bear them with magnanimity—many are ready to say, but it is so hard to be stript of one's all, or to lose one's nearest and dearest friend, to which I would answer in the language of *Mr. Creech*,

"'Tis hard—but when we needs must bear,

"Enduring *patience* makes the burden light."

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There is no kind of affliction we can be under, but what patience is both our duty and interest, and so it is let our troubles arise from whatever cause, they may.—It is observed by an ancient poet that “if what we suffer has been brought on us by ourselves, *patience* is in such case *eminently* our duty, since no one ought to be angry at feeling that which he has deserved:”—On the other hand, if we are conscious that we have not contributed to our own sufferings, if punishment falls upon innocence, or disappointment happens to industry and prudence, *patience* whether more necessary or not, is much easier, since our pain is then without aggravation, and we have not the bitterness of remorse to add to the asperity of misfortune.

Mr. Fielding, in his essay on the Loss of Friends, observes that, “suffering after a right manner and with a good grace, hath always been looked on as one of the chief excellencies of human nature;” and I may add to this, what *Seneca* observes, from whom the before mentioned gentleman most likely took his hint, namely, “That there is not on earth a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator intent on his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings; that it must be a pleasure to *Jupiter* himself to look down from heaven and see *Cato*

amidst the ruins of his country, preserving his integrity:" such considerations as these may serve as a stimulus to make us exert ourselves to bear with fortitude the trials God shall be pleased to lay upon us; besides, if we consider that trials are necessary for the exercise of all our virtues, which would be useless without them, we shall see further the necessity of patience: No man as Dr. Johnson observes, can form a just estimate of his own powers from inactive speculation—"That fortitude which has encountered no dangers—That prudence which has surmounted no difficulties—That integrity which has been attacked by no temptation, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned, equally necessary is some variety of fortune to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and afflictions of mankind," Rambler vol. iii. page 268. As patience then is undoubtedly our duty and privilege, we should by all means, endeavour to attain and cultivate it; this is to be done chiefly by a frequent reflection on the wisdom and goodness of God, in whose hands to use the words of the same writer, are riches and poverty, pleasure and pain, and life and death—A settled conviction of the tendency of every

every thing to our good, and of the possibility of turning miseries into happiness by receiving them rightly, will incline us to *bless the name of the Lord, whether he gives or takes away*; therefore I may sum up all with the advice of the poet,

“Let patience have its perfect work, controul
“Each murmuring thought, and calm the ruffled soul.”

TRAPP.

A fourth remedy for *immoderate grief*, is to seek after and maintain a happiness independant of the smiles or frowns of fortune—Solomon says, “A good man is satisfied from himself;” and Seneca speaks of a soul that derives all its comforts from *within*, not from *without*; there no doubt, is a possibility of attaining that calm contentment, that solid peace, that permanent happiness, that cannot be shaken by the changes and vicissitudes of life—the man that lives a life of strict virtue who, to use the language of inspiration, maintains a “conscience void of offence towards God and towards man;” and can say with Job, “My heart shall never reproach me as long as I live;” that man may be happy.

“Howe’er life’s various currents flow.”

He has learned, with the apostle Paul, in whatsoever station he is therewith to be content;

and this contented mind which he carries about with him, he finds to be a continual feast; such a one may with propriety be said to be independent of fortune. "His happiness dependeth not on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed;—as a rock in the sea he standeth firm, and the dashing of the waters disturbeth him not, he raiseth his head like a tower on an hill, and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

"Should the whole frame of nature round him break,

"In ruin and confusion hurl'd,

"He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,

"And stand secure amidst a falling world."

Happiness, it is remarked, depends not so much on the place or situation of any individual as on the state of a man's own mind; the foundation of content, as one observes, must spring up there, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove; for as *Horace* observes,

"True happiness is to no place confin'd,

"But still is found in a contented mind."

The fifth remedy that I shall propose to cure *immoderate grief*, is to compare our state, be it ever so wretched, with the state of many of our fellow creatures, whom we shall find suffering infinitely more than ourselves; many of those who are bowed down with immoderate grief would be ashamed, if they did but consider the miseries they escape as intensely as they do those they experience; and though every one is apt to think their own troubles the greatest, which is for want of knowing or considering what others suffer, I am persuaded of the truth of the following remark by *Socrates*, "that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division."

To cure our grief then, we should frequently reflect on the misery of others, and by comparing what they must endure with what we feel, learn to estimate the blessings we have left, and return God thanks that our sufferings are so small in comparison to what we deserve and others endure.

"If the affliction we groan under be very heavy," says the Spectator, we shall find some consolation in the society of as great sufferers as ourselves, especially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit; if our afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the comparison we make between ourselves and our fellow-sufferers:—A loss at sea, a fit of sickness, or the death of a friend, are such trifles when we consider whole kingdoms laid in ashes, families put to the sword, wretches shut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakness, if we sink under such little strokes of fortune.

It is very certain that this comparison of our own state with that of others, is a very effectual way to mitigate our misery.—When we consider how much worse our situation might be than what it is, we shall be naturally led to praise God for his distinguishing love, and to exclaim in the language of inspiration, "What am I that thou shouldest be mindful of me?" Whilst we derive from these considerations a source of content, that makes us resigned to the dispensations of providence, and satisfied with his dealings towards us. I shall conclude this head with a quotation from the

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the Spectator, vol. viii. No. 574, to shew what a tendency this last consideration has to alleviate our misfortunes, and make us bear with some degree of christian magnanimity the troubles God has been pleased to lay upon us.

“ I like the story of the honest *Dutchman*, who upon breaking his *leg* by a fall from a mainmast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his *neck*; to which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an *old philosopher* who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled [by his wife that came into the room in a passion and threw down the table that stood before them; “ Every man,” said he, “ has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.” We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of *Dr. Hammond*, written by Bishop Fell, As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.”

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